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THE OPEN DOOR.

Original.

'Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man shall shut it.'—Rev. iii. 8.

ST. JOHN professes that this Book—the contents of this revelation, were given to him while on the Isle of Patmos, whither he had been banished by persecution.

The apostle, in this book, addresses the seven churches of Asia, as in behalf of the Lord Jesus Christ. The text is a part of the message sent to the church of Philadelphia.

However applicable these addresses of John to the seven churches of Asia might have been in his day, now, they can only have a general application to christian bodies, in somewhat similar circumstances with the ancient christians of Philadelphia, in Asia.

It is written: 'Love is the fulfilling of the law.' And I will here say—Love, or good will, is an open door set of God before all men, for their entrance, and by him kept open, under the gospel dispensation.

I shall speak of this subject upon a liberal scale, and consider human nature, (mankind,) capable of good will or moral virtue.

FIRST, I will attempt to show that all mankind are brethren, as human beings, and as such, may be considered under mutual obligations to love and to good works.

SECONDLY, I shall adduce some proofs, that mankind owe brotherly kindness to each other, and that they are capable of rendering it.

THIRDLY, I shall speak of the open moral door of good will, which God hath set before men for their entrance, which no man can shut.

First, That all men are brethren, as human beings, will not be denied by any who call themselves christians. For our sacred scriptures teach us, that God 'made all nations of one blood.' According to Moses, all mankind have descended from one original—one human pair.

As the similarity of shape, of instinct, of propensity, in animals and birds, dispose us to class them severally in their several species, so mankind, of all nations, tongues, and languages, show, by indubitable signs, that they are all of one species. And revelation teaches that they are all the children of the one Creator—the great intelligent spirit that made all things, possessing the equal love of their Creator, and destined by him for one common end, even endless life, in holiness and happiness, in the world to come.

Such a sentiment as I have now stated, appears fair and natural. A contrary sentiment would

surely be unfair, and unnatural. For God being infinitely good, and wise, and powerful, would bestow infinite good upon all his equal offspring. This natural relation of brethren, which God hath constituted, is the ground of all relation which may exist between mankind, by contract or agreement. All laws among mankind, which are good, are founded upon the law of our common nature.

We make no covenants with the beasts of the field. But the relations entered into by compact, never disannul the right or law of the common nature. The source of our relations with each other, (even humanity) is the common nature. Genuine philanthropy is not so much influenced by the oneness of nation, language, sect, as by the ties of the common nature.

Secondly, I am to adduce some proof, that all men owe brotherly kindness to each other, and that they are capable of rendering it.

That man is not, naturally, a solitary, but a social being, is fully apparent from his conduct. Mankind unite and live together in companies, in towns, in cities. They enter into agreements for great works, which cannot be done, but by a community.

These things are testimonies of their social nature, and that they are formed for friendship, peace, and reciprocal acts of kindness; and are, in their way, so many proofs of their capacity for regulation, and for moral virtue.

That mankind do differ as companies, towns, cities, and do separate one from another in anger, as displeased, is only a proof that they may, from the tumult of the passions, act contrary to their own best interests, and transgress the law of their common nature. For a state of warfare is not supposed by civilized people to be advantageous, so as to be made permanent. And, hence, every nation that wages war against another, professes to fight for a permanent peace. And professes also, that it would not have broken the bonds of friendship, had it been possible to have retained its rights, and liberty, and honor without.

As the wild beasts of the wilderness do not possess a propensity to make prey upon their own species, no more have mankind any natural propensity to do wrong to, or to evil intreat his fellow men. The propensity of mankind, to do evil one to another, is not natural but acquired. It is excited by circumstances, and by reasoning wrong. Mankind are naturally sympathetic and kind. None are or become wicked, but by some violence done to their natural feelings.

But, perhaps, some one would wish to say,—if mankind be naturally sympathetic and kind, how comes it to pass, that when we look into their history, from the earliest times recorded we find such

an abundant account of wars, assassinations, and horrid cruelties.

It must be confessed these realities are very strong proofs of the great evils men are capable of doing; but it can by no means be admitted, that they are any proof, that it is the nature of man to delight to do mischief or evil. For if mankind be so impelled by their very nature, they must be equally without moral fault, as are the lion, and the bear, and the tiger, and the wolf, for their ravages. The beasts of prey have no guilt for living by prey, any more than we have for living upon animal food. But every man's thoughts accuse and censure him for every evil deed. And no reasoning which any man can employ, can ever quiet his conscience respecting evil done by him, so as to render him before his own tribunal, not guilty. True it is, that the wicked are like the troubled sea that cannot rest. All acts of oppression, and violence, and fraud among men, arise from their reasoning falsely. They suppose they shall be happy by possessing power, and by lauding it over God's heritage, over their brethren in the great human family, which they may conceive inferior to themselves! But all such hopes, in such cruel usurpers, have repeatedly met with exemplary disappointment. Usurpation may be soon overturned by a second usurper, and the second by a third, and so on in succession for ages. Nevertheless, it must be confessed, that all the disasters which have happened in this way, to ambition, and to despotism for ages, have not sobered man, intoxicated with the love of power, have not yet brought such to their right mind. Something more forcible may await them for such a purpose.

But that all mankind, by the constitution of God, owe one another brotherly kindness, of which they are capable, is evident, in part, from nothing of importance being done by one alone; as alluded to already, many must unite in any achievement of note.

And that mankind are capable of sympathy, kindness, justice, truth, we may fully satisfy ourselves, by looking at the inhabitants of a new country, which have all one common interest. They know virtue is their best interest. They all make a pleasure of toil, in tilling the ground, in caring for their flocks. They joyfully partake of the productions of the earth, and are happily clothed in the manufactures of their own hands. They have little or no temptation to vice. They live in peace. But this they could not do any more than beasts of prey, if they had not from the constitution of God a peaceful disposition.

And this debt of kindness, which one human being owes to another, is evidenced as a regulation of the great Creator's, by the present bliss it yields wherever practised, and by the misery produced where violated.

That mankind owe to each other brotherly kindness as a mutual and moral debt, no one, it is presumed, under the culture of civil refinement will deny. For every man of reflection confesses such an obligation.

And that mankind are capable of such virtue is

fully proved, by what hath already taken place in the world. And what a few human beings are by moral virtue, the whole race may possibly be, in proportion to their sound circumstances.

Thirdly, I am to speak of the open and moral door of good will, which God hath set before men for their entrance, which no man can shut. We state it as a principle of firm belief, that God in his providence and arrangement of things, under the gospel dispensation, hath set before our race an open door which cannot be shut, into which they may enter by good will. By the figure of an open door, here used, we may understand that God hath something in prospect for mankind, which he hath made attainable by them, yea, that he hath answered to himself, and to them by his power. To himself as a glory, he hath ordained to reveal. Saying, 'As I live saith the Lord, the whole earth shall be filled with my glory.' Numbers xiv. 21. And to man, as a good to him, he hath resolved, by his own immutability, to communicate—saying, 'The glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together.'

If the figure of a shut door had been used, it would have intended a difficulty, in reference to the entrance; but the similitude of an open door being used, expresses right or privilege, and the enjoyment of the good, secured in the house to be entered. As we have presumed that the open door expresses rights or privileges, we may inquire concerning them. What are man's spiritual rights? Hath he any? or hath he none? That mankind have spiritual rights, and that they are common and universal, cannot be consistently denied, by any of the friends of true liberty.

And man's civil rights are said to be the preservation of life and property. Liberty, civil and religious, and the legal pursuit of happiness, unmolested. These rights ought not to be trusted with any earthly power whatever; they ought not to be given out of our own hands.

The principal design of all free governments is, to protect the lives, property, and liberty, civil and religious, of the community. And here I will also say, mankind have spiritual rights, which the constitution and charter of God have given him.

And man's spiritual rights are, deliverance from mortality and eternal life, and holy happiness without end. All these rights, the eternal purpose of grace hath secured to mankind, and God's faithfulness shall guarantee to him their possession.

The glorious liberty of the sons or children of God, was never forfeited; no, was never forfeitable. Eternal life was always a gift, which God resolved to give us at last, when he resolved to give us existence. This right is unalienable. The gifts and calling of God are without repentance. Jehovah changeth not.

Hence will his offspring always be his heirs—joint heirs with his first born son of his immortal glory! but he will always retain the glory of pre-eminence, as Lord over all—as the brightness of Jehovah's glory. Of this right, God, the holy, and the good, will not deprive them, cannot deprive them, because he is their God. As it is said, 'I

will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people.'

If the king of England were to make slaves of his subjects, and sell them into bondage, he would thereby become a tyrant, and would be no longer king. His coronation oath would be broken by the outrage.

And if men ascribe to Jehovah the act of making rational creatures by his decree, first impenitent sinners upon earth, and then irremediably miserable eternally, not indeed to gratify malignancy, but to glorify his justice, they hereby make God, by their doctrine, a greater tyrant than ever ambition made any vain man. From all such thrilling error, may God preserve us. And in despite of such horrid outrage made upon God and man, we cry out, Liberty! spiritual Liberty, forever! We have a right to deliverance from mortality—the state in which God made man, as his infant condition, and to translation into the glorious liberty of immortality! Yea, we have such a right by the charter of Heaven! Yea, as great a right to it, as the infant has to maturity, which God hath ordained to live and not die till it hath reached to full age.

By eternal life, is meant endless duration of being, in a state of conscious identity in the life of the world to come, and that in holiness and happiness.

Of our right to eternal life, we read as follows:—'The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.' Rom. vi. 23. Again: 'Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, given unto us in Christ Jesus before the world began.'

Hence it appears, according to this apostle, that when God in the eternity past before creation, determined to create man, he ordained unto him an eternal inheritance, as a final portion, ordained it absolutely, bequeathed it unto him as his offspring. Yea, and equally ordained to put him in possession of it in due time, by a change from earthy to heavenly, from mortal to immortal.

Ah, saith some one, perhaps, yet dead in sin, 'I will take my fill of pleasure in this world, if all are to be sanctified in the world to come, by the dispensation of eternity.'

I would say to such a person, or persons, if such there be—you do not continue in your sins upon the ground of such a hope at all, but because you are in love with your base lusts—slaves to your passions. They drive you as slaves, when like the tamed elephant, you have power enough in you, to turn upon your tyrants, and to trample them to death. Shall freemen inveigh against tyranny, and yet suffer themselves to be captivated by their lusts? God forbid!

Is there no principle to make men moral in this world, but a dread fear of punishment in the world to come? Who among us is not ashamed to confess that he would be dishonest, but he is afraid of punishment. Upright men in heart, are honest from principle. God is not good from fear. It is the nature of God to be good. And we are the offspring of God, made in his image and glory.

Let us then contemplate God our Father, and

we shall become virtuous. We shall then delight in the order of moral rectitude. In good will toward our race, from love to God supreme, the God and Father of all.

We do not, we cannot love God our Creator, out of fear; no, nor any of his creatures. We love God for his own loveliness, and as infinitely good and loving. We walk morally and circumspectly in the world, from the delight we feel in rectitude. Holiness or moral purity, is the right order of our nature. This is a moral right of human nature, by the constitution of God our Maker. Indeed, every sane man, who is wise, feels the obligation of moral rectitude. Indeed, if rectitude were not the due order of our nature, if we had not a law in our minds, testifying to the commands of revelation as good and just, we could not possibly feel their authority. Without such an internal law, no outward law could have any influence upon us, to produce in us, genuine obedience. 'Love is the fulfilling of the law.'

The restlessness of the wicked, like the tossing ocean, the accusations of conscience in the unrighteous, all go to prove the truth of what I have just stated. They all testify in their way, and say, happiness is not to be found in unrighteousness. We enter the open door of moral happiness upon earth, only by the love of God, and good will to men.

You hear, my friends, then, that I am preaching no licentious doctrine, but an open door to moral happiness upon earth, by means of moral rectitude, even love to God, and good will to men, which comprises every virtue.

But to love God, we must know him as revealed in Christ. And to love our neighbor as ourselves, we must all own him to be equally beloved of God with ourselves.

God, by the dispensation of the Gospel, hath opened a door, for the triumph of such religion upon earth. And it is predicted, that nothing shall shut this open door. No, sin shall not! For it is opened with the full design of destroying all sin. It was said in holy prophecy of the great Messiah, that he should finish transgression, and make an end of sin. Then sin cannot destroy God's salvation, but his salvation must destroy all sin, to accomplish the principal design of God in creation.

As to the life of the world to come, with all its weight of bliss and glory, it is a free gift, far above the influence of any of the best actions of time.

We shall enter into the possession of our inheritance, incorruptible in the heavens, by the great change from mortal to immortal, by the agency of our Lord, and the vision and feeling it shall give us.

Having this glorious hope full of immortality, let our souls rejoice in God our Saviour, and walk by his rule upon earth, loving one another with a pure heart fervently, and do unto all others, as we would be done unto by others.

Glory be to God on high; on earth, peace, good will towards men.

T. J.

Gloucester, Mass. 1835.

Such is the constitution of man, that virtue must eventually promote his happiness, and vice his misery.

PHRENOLOGY.—No. IV.

Original.

In pursuing our illustration, we come to number five—called **INHABITIVENESS**. This gives the love of home; and the disposition to remain in one place. It is this propensity which balances with locality. The latter gives the disposition to rove, while the former inspires the love of home. It is located directly above philoprogenitiveness, back of self-esteem, between the corresponding organs of adhesiveness, on each side of the sigital suture, or the seam, which runs over the top and back part of the head.

A large developement of this propensity is indicated by great fulness of the head above the occiput. If there should be a sinking here, the individual will be no more attached to home, than to any other place. And should locality be very active, he will go from home joyfully, but return with a sorrowful heart. In one case, if inhabitiveness be active, and locality large, he will love to journey, but the most pleasant part of the tour will be returning home. But in the other instance, if locality be large, and inhabitiveness feeble, he will find the most unpleasant part of his journey in returning home. He will go home when he cannot find any where else to go. The natural language of deficient love of home, is—'Home is a fool to this place. I can go there, when I can go to no other place.' But the language of strong inhabitiveness, is—'There is no place like home.'

Dr. Spurzheim and Mr. Combe differ in opinion with regard to this propensity. The former gives the analysis which I have now set forth; but the latter conceives it to be more extensive, and gives it the name of concentrativeness; thinking it gives the ability to concentrate all one's powers upon one subject. My observation, however, obliges me to adopt the opinion of Dr. S. I have seen persons who were deficient in inhabitiveness, who could concentrate all their powers in one subject, and bring all their energies to bear upon one object. And I have publicly advanced the opinion, that the power of concentration results from large individuality, in connexion with some other of the intellectual faculties, and this I shall notice more fully in another part of these essays.

I have never seen a person with large inhabitiveness, who did not love home, nor one with the developement small, that was troubled with the disease called 'home-sickness.' So far as my observation has extended, I have been obliged to adopt Dr. Spurzheim's doctrine as the truth.

No one will doubt the existence of this propensity in its different degrees. It is known that some delight in roving, and others in being located. Some spend all they can earn, in going from place to place, while others seldom go out of sight of the smoke of their own chimney. And the testimony of men whose word will be taken in any court of justice, proves that the developement of the propensity is according to reality.

Women, as a general thing, are found to have more of this propensity than men. They are more fond of home. But the developement is not the same in every female, some have it large, and others

small. Hence, some of them are chaste, keepers at home, while others love to gad about, and go from house to house.

It varies in men. Hence some of them regard home as being the most delightful place on earth; and all their leisure moments are passed there. Others are always abroad. Their bodies may be in their own dwellings, but they are absent in spirit.

It was feeble in the celebrated itinerant, George Whitefield, and he could not be contented long in one place. A cast from his real skull, which may be bought at almost any of the shops, proves this.

It was feeble in Dr. Spurzheim, and he was an extensive traveller. It is small in the Caribs, who have no continuing city, nor certain abiding place.

To say it is not important to man, is equivalent to declaring, that it is of no consequence whether he exists in a savage or civilized state. For, unless he has a disposition to remain in one place, the earth cannot be cultivated, and must therefore remain a desolate wilderness.

Organ No. 6. COMBATIVENESS.—This is situated at the back part of the head, above the mastoid process of the temporal bone, in the rear of destructiveness. Follow, in a direct line, from destructiveness round to philoprogenitiveness, and you will pass over combativeness.

It is the organ of courage. But this is not the only way in which it is manifested by those who are remarkably blessed with it. When not under the guidance of reason, if benevolence be deficient, a quarrelsome frame of mind will be the effect. It was in characters of this description that Dr. Gall first discovered the location of the organ.

He had long been of opinion that the old system of metaphysics was erroneous, and at length came to the conclusion to abandon it, and instead of studying books to learn the nature of mind, observe human nature closely. And the better to effect this object, he called together a large number of boys and men of the lower classes, on whom education had not exerted its influence, and having obtained their confidence by giving them money, and other presents, he drew them into conference about each other. He soon found that those who were petulant and quarrellous, spoke in high terms of their associates, who were subject to like passions, while they condemned, in unmeasured language, those of an opposite turn of mind. But the opposite characters approved of those only who were peaceable.

Anxious to know the difference in the formation of the heads of the two sets of characters, he arranged them in order on each side of the room, and commenced the work of examination. He found that those who were disposed to fight, were exceedingly broad at the back part of the head—while the cowards, or those given to be peaceable, were narrow at that part. The Dr., therefore, came to the conclusion, that great breadth at the back of the head indicated courage, or a disposition to combat. And his after observations confirmed his first conclusions.

The custom of fighting wild beasts was then in existence at Vienna. And there was a man who would present himself in the arena to encounter the wild bull and boar, single-handed; and he had

done it successfully many times. Dr. Gall examined the head of this man, and found the developement the same as in the craniums of the petulant persons he first examined.

He then went and examined the heads of his fellow students who were quarrellous; in them combativeness was strongly developed. But the timorous and fearful had narrow heads at the back part.

There was a singular female at Vienna at this time. She would dress herself in man's attire, in the evening, and go out and encounter the other sex; and in several instances, she gave young men tremendous beatings. The Dr. obtained the privilege of examining her head. The result was as he anticipated—Broad at the back part.

The reader has only to look around him, and he will see that great breadth at the back of the head indicates courage—while the reverse is indicative of an opposite disposition. The former will stand their ground. The latter had rather run than fight.

A difference is to be seen among the brutes. Some dogs pass along peaceable, and refuse to fight; other watch for an opportunity to quarrel.

Some who are obliged to admit the existence of this propensity, in its different degrees, are so startled at phrenology, that they are unwilling to account for it upon its principles, and they inform us, that it is owing to physical strength. But is it so? Observation answers in the negative. Some, there are, in both the male and female, portions of community, whose constitutions and healths are extremely delicate; yet they are wonderfully courageous, and are always ready to defend themselves. While others of great constitutional strength, and unyielding health, are notorious cowards.

These truths, with which all have, or may become acquainted, explode this miserable subterfuge, and scatter it to the four winds.

It is larger in males than in females, and their heads are shaped accordingly. The male head is short and broad—the female head is long and narrow.

Horses, who have good courage, are wide between the ears. Horse-jockeys have long observed this. I do not mean the kind of courage the man did, who sold a horse, and among other things, recommended his courage. It was found by the buyer, that he was lazy, and that it was difficult to increase his speed. Soon after making the purchase the seller came along; he immediately encountered him, and enquired why he had deceived him, by telling him that horse had good courage? He very coolly replied—'He had good courage, he had rather die than run.'

Some females have large combativeness—hence they have led armies forth to battle, and accomplished feats which belong only to men.

The propensity is important to self-protection and defence, and to the protection of property and friends. It is essential to the maintenance of virtue—to overcome the trials of life—and to the defence and security of civil and religious liberty. It is reasonable to conclude, that we should not enjoy our present privileges as a nation, had not our fathers had sufficient combativeness to resist foreign encroachments, and defend the natural rights belonging to themselves and children.

Every mother must exercise a good share of it, or

her children will rule over her. And the common mechanic, if destitute of it, will fail of success. I do not mean that either of the aforementioned should quarrel; I speak of it as the organ of courage. Let them see that it is guided by reason, and exerted in the cause of benevolence, and then they need fear no harm.

It was large in Washington; but it was guided by reason, conscientiousness, and benevolence. The likenesses we have of Martin Luther, represent him as having large combativeness. His whole career was the result of this, under the direction of superior sentiments. Had his combativeness been feeble, he would not have commenced a war with the Romish church in the manner he did—neither would he have defied all its emissaries.

Oberlin, the distinguished clergyman who spent his life and fortune in doing good, under the most disadvantageous circumstances possible, had large combativeness.

In Cæsar Reynolds, it was active, but the intellect did not guide—neither benevolence, nor the sense of right, were consulted. He was a murderer.

Napoleon Bonaparte had great courage. It was guided by the intellect. His was a wonderful head. It lacked but one thing. That was—Conscientiousness. Had this been as large as the propensities, and the faculties which characterized him, he would have been the best, as well as the greatest man that ever lived.

Ney and Murat, the generals with whom he contended, were not deficient in courage; the reason they did not successfully compete with Napoleon, was, they had not enough secretiveness and causality.

It is large in William Cobbett; and this unquestionably has kept him in a continual broil all the days of his life.

It affects the voice and the general expression of the countenance. The voice under its influence, is hard, and every word seems to be almost a blow. It makes the woman masculine, and its deficiency causes the man to be feminine. Or, as we sometimes say—'He is mealy-mouthed.' The child in whom it is active, fears nobody and nothing.

Those of my readers, who are parents, and have children disposed to fight and quarrel, ought not to punish them for so doing, as this is doing the same thing, in the view of the child. Let them operate upon the superior sentiments, and gain for them the ascendancy, and their work is accomplished. I have a case in point. It will illustrate the impropriety of resorting to the fruits of combativeness, to overcome the same evils in a child.

A gentleman in Boston has a son remarkable for his courage. He has been in the practice of going down on one of the lumber-wharves, and setting on the end of a board, which projects over the water. The father was afraid that he would fall in, and resolved on doing something to effect a change in his conduct. He concluded at last, that he would watch for an opportunity and when the child had seated himself upon the board, he would go down and push him off into the water, and then rescue him, hoping it would prevent the child from repeating the practice. He did so. But judge of his surprise, when the little fellow, wiping the water from his eyes, looked up into the

face of his father, and with an engaging expression, said—'Father, why can't you try that again? The father at once concluded that some other course must be adopted.

Organ No. 7 is SECRETIVENESS.

This is located directly above destructiveness, at the lower edge of the parietal bone. Destructiveness makes the head broad or thick at the top of the ears; but secretiveness makes it thick just above the top of the ears.

This gives the power to conceal, to cover up; and also inspires a fondness for mystery. It causes a sly look, and a strange and mysterious course of conduct.

While Dr. Gall was a student, he became acquainted with a young man, who was amiable in many respects; but he loved to deceive. He practiced deception upon his school-mates—his parents—his instructors, and all with whom he had any intercourse. The Dr. described his appearance as being sly, like that of the cat and fox. The development of secretiveness was large.

One of his patients died, who had passed for an honest man, but it was afterwards discovered that he had practiced his impositions very extensively.

He was also acquainted with a physician who employed deception so extensively, that it became necessary to caution the community against him, in the public prints. He told Dr. Gall that deception was one of his greatest comforts.

This propensity characterizes the cat and fox, and their movements may be regarded as a fair illustration of its natural language.

It makes some keep all their plans secret—while a deficiency of the feeling leads one to an exposure of all they know, see or hear. They have, by unanimous consent, received the name of tale-bearers.

Politicians, by the aid of this, can mature their plans, and expose them not, until they are completed. But others succeed not, because of too early an exposure.

United with large acquisitiveness, it makes cunning thieves. And when combined with full destructiveness, it leads to secret murder. It was large in La Blanc, who murdered the Syer family in New Jersey.

It was powerful in Bonaparte. And it is reported of him, that he could disguise all his feelings, and if he thought himself watched, he would give his features the appearance of a marble statue.

It is essential to the peace of families—neighborhoods—societies—and communities. And the scriptures recognize it, as being essential to a wise man:—'The fool uttereth his mind all at once; but the wise man keepeth his until afterwards.' It is an important ingredient to faithfulness: 'A tale bearer revealeth secrets, but he that is of a faithful spirit concealeth the matter.'

It is often abused. And then it produces misery. Its abuses are—improper concealment—intrigue—and a low and crooked policy. Lying—hypocrisy—and dissimulation, so often employed to gain a particular end, are among its abuses.

The merchant, under its influence, conceals his true condition from his wife and family. They dream of naught but prosperity and uninterrupted happi-

ness—but, are aroused to a state of their true condition, by the officer of justice, who takes possession of all they have, and the family are turned out of house and home.

Those who have it large are strongly opposed to phrenology. It exposes them, and with this they are not pleased. Speak of phrenology in their presence, and a frown immediately covers their faces. Poor creatures, they are much to be pitied. They have much to fear from the science.

Ann Ross, in whom the propensity was large, was desirous of exciting the sympathy of certain benevolent ladies. To effect her object, she thrust a number of needles into her arm, which became so much inflamed that amputation was indispensable. She endured this painful operation without making known the cause; but the physicians found the needles in her arm, after they had taken it off. A multitude of historic facts can be related illustrative of the truth of phrenology, but my limits, and the copiousness of the subject, forbid my attempting their recital.

D. D. S.

DOMESTIC DUTIES.—No. I.

Original.

This is a subject of great importance, and demands the attention of all. It is to be feared, that too little attention has been given it, especially on the part of the professed ministers of the Gospel. They have in many instances gone beyond the true sphere of their influence, and wasted their strength upon the desert air. They have soared into the regions of fancy, and discoursed of the horrors of hell and eternity, of our dreadful exposure thereto, and have overlooked the deadly serpent which lay coiled at their feet, threatening to sap the foundation of all present comfort.

If ministers would speak more of what they know—if they would call home their thoughts which rove abroad, and direct their attention, and that also of their auditors, to those things which are connected with their peace, a different state of things would soon exist. Not that I would have them neglect the great truths of Revelation, or cease to proclaim them; but I would have them apply them, and the duties connected therewith, to the bosoms and affections of their people. I would have them carry their doctrine, if it be that of the blessed Son of God, into the domestic circle, and set before all the members of the family, their respective duties.

The duties of domestic life have been broached with great fearfulness. Why should it be so? Is not the domestic circle, the very spot where our choicest blessings dwell? Is it not the garden where our fondest hopes are nurtured? And shall we not weed that garden? Let us approach the subject without fear, and treat it according to the dictates of wisdom and revelation, and good will be the result.

A promise was thrown out in the last number of this work, that the subject would be treated of in future numbers. I now propose to commence the work in good earnest. And in doing so, I shall notice three separate divisions of the main subject—

1st. The nature of the marriage institution.

2d. The duties which devolve on the husband.

3d. The duties which belong to the wife.

The next general branch of the subject will be the duties which belong to the other members of the domestic circle—such as parents and children,—the reciprocal duties of these parties, and next, brothers and sisters, in their associate capacity. Then, the duties of masters and servants. Availing myself of all the help which falls in the way, I hope to render the subjects both interesting and useful.

In this number I have not room to do but little more than state the course to be pursued. I did expect that the subject would be treated of by an abler hand, but our correspondent 'P.' having become so engaged, that he cannot go on according to his original intention, the articles will in future appear over the more humble initials.

Marriage was instituted by the Creator. He announced in the beginning what all have since found to be true, that it is not good for man, that he should be alone. He formed woman as an help meet. And the man who despises her, and neglects to become united to a suitable companion, by the silken ties of hymen, does dishonor to his nature, and virtually contemns the wisdom of God. If God has instituted marriage, and said it is not good for man that he should be alone, as he is infinite in wisdom, man, when he deviates from this law of God and nature, despises the wisdom of his Maker, and plainly denies the truth of his word.

Marriage is a sacred union. It may be, and it often is, abused; and then, it is converted into a curse, as all other blessings may be.

In this country, the law allows a man but one wife, and the woman but one husband; but in many parts of the globe, polygamy is practiced. In Siam, a man is allowed as many wives as he can support; and the king appropriates to himself seven hundred females, as wives. In many other places the same freedom is allowed. But it is evident that polygamy is not consistent with the law of God, nor the happiness of man. Whatever is opposed to God's law, either the natural or moral law, is against the happiness of mankind. The deviation of which I speak, a plurality of wives, is detrimental to happiness, as can be shown by a multitude of facts. The fate of Jacob of old—his crosses and vexations, are enough to satisfy any rational being, that, while God did not intend that man should dwell alone, he also purposed that he should be the husband of but one wife at a time.

According to the scriptures, the husband sustains to the wife, the relation of head and lord. The wife is neither the foot, nor the head; but a companion; a help meet—a crown. As the head and lord, he provides and protects. As a help meet, she exercises care and prudence, and crowns all his righteous efforts with approbation and cheerfulness. When in sorrow, she sympathizes with him; and in the hour of trouble, pours the oil of consolation into his wounded heart.

In forming this most holy contract, if avarice or the passions lead, misery and discontent will surely follow;—but if pure, unsullied affection, guided by reason, takes the guidance, true and permanent enjoyment will be the effect.

I shall now attempt to set forth the duties which devolve on the parties, the faithful performance of which are essential to domestic peace and prosperity.

The husband stands at the head of the domestic circle; and the duties which belong to him, must, therefore, be noticed first. Although many different opinions exist with regard to what devolves on him, we need not err if we go to the bible for our information.

1st. The husband must protect. The wife, when she leaves her father's mansion, and puts herself under the care of her husband, looks to him for protection. He is the only being on earth to whom she can go in the hour of calamity, for redress with confidence. There were others who would have gladly stepped forth in her defence, but her situation renders it improper for them to interfere. She has virtually renounced the world, from which she has selected one, to whom she cleaves with undivided affection; and he must be unworthy the name of husband, who would suffer the chosen one to appeal to him in vain. At all times, he should make it a point to exercise protection and defence. Let not the call of the wife be heard unnoticed. For in this, he makes good the ordinance of nature.

Again. The husband must provide. There is reason to believe that much of the infelicity we witness in families, is owing to the improvidence of the head of the family. It very seldom happens, that discord and strife reign in the house where the husband does all the providing that his circumstances enable him to do. When a man neglects to procure those things which are absolutely needed in the domestic circle, he must blame himself, if discontent makes its appearance, followed by misery.

It often happens, that the wife is rendered unhappy, by means of inattention. Let the husband see to this. Let him look well to all the wants of his little household, and it will be the means of establishing the reign of peace and prosperity in their borders.

The husband must love his wife, even as he loves himself. Self-love is to be his standard. His love to his wife must be regulated by this love to himself. This is a correct standard, and by it the duty is made plain. No one is so destitute of perception, as not to discover the strength of his affection to his own person; and no one is so weak in judgment, as to be unable to decide what will be the course pursued by a man, when under the influence of a spirit, which will lead us to do by others, as we would they should do unto us. And the husband has only to inquire, how he obtained the affections of his wife, to know how to retain them. As the object was accomplished by love, and unwavering kindness, the same must be done to secure her affections. And no female is so dead to kindness, as to render malevolence or hatred in return for habitual love.

It is not love in profession, barely, but love in reality—in word and in action. To say we love, and then act as though we hated, has no good effect. Let love show itself in every thing which the husband does.

He must not be bitter against his wife. Bitterness is apt to be manifested by the husband, when he

does not actually realize it. He comes home from his daily avocation, and finds his wife surrounded by a number of children, who are not quite so good natured as they might be. His wife is consequently a little out of humor. She answers him in not so pleasant a tone as she was wont to do. He reciprocates, and soon the contention is great, and threatens to prostrate their peace and happiness forever.— If the husband had remained cool, and returned soft words for all the harsh expressions his companion may have used, the affair would soon have passed off, and a clear sky and pleasant weather would have followed.

Bitterness is a root from which numerous evils spring. It should be crushed the moment it makes its appearance. It should not be permitted to spring up. Let the domestic altar never be polluted by the baneful influence of this evil. A little precaution on the part of the husband will save months of unpleasantness and misery. 'The prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself; but the foolish passeth on and is punished.' The small matters must be attended to, or shipwreck will be made with domestic felicity.

II. Duties of the wife. Her duties are no less plain than those of the husband. While he protects, she is to reverence, and obey in the Lord. Nothing appears more lovely and attractive in the wife, than reverence for her husband. If she looks to him for protection, she is in duty bound to revere him. I do not mean, that she should worship him as a god, nor pay him that homage which belongs to the Creator alone. But respect him as her head—as the father of her little ones, as her earthly protector, not only adds to her dignity and beauty, but gives him confidence in her, and induces him, likewise, to have respect to her opinion. The wife who thinks to rise in the opinion of her husband by downright disrespect of all he says and does, is grossly deceived, and will find such to be the case, perhaps, when it is too late to remedy the evil.

No matter how good an opinion the wife has of him, she has chosen as a companion; the better, the more it will conduce to her happiness. Let my fair readers look around them, and see what wives are the most tranquil; those who reverence their husbands most, or those who take occasion, especially if any stranger is present, to speak evil of them? They will soon discover, that peace and prosperity dwell the most constantly in those families where love and reverence are habitual residents.

The wife is also to obey the husband. 'Wives!' saith the apostle, 'obey your husbands in the Lord, for this is well pleasing unto God.' It must not be supposed, however, that the obedience here required of the wife is implicit; or that she is to obey when the commands are unreasonable and unrighteous.— This would not be consistent with the other requirements of the gospel. It frequently happens, that the husband is unreasonable in the extreme, in his orders, and it is impossible for the wife, be she ever so much disposed, to comply with them. It must therefore be kept in mind, that she is to obey in the Lord; by which I understand, that she must obey in accordance with what God commands. If the husband requires any thing not consonant with the will

or commandments of the Almighty, the wife is not bound to obey.

But it is plain, that the judicious husband will not require any thing which is not sanctioned by the word of truth. If he does, it will be an error unintentionally made; and when convinced of it, he will immediately give it up.

It has a very bad, and a ridiculous appearance for the wife to be always disputing with her husband, especially in public. If he is in error, and she knows it, let her communicate the intelligence to him at home, when they are alone, and he will be more liable to receive it, than when he is in company. And should he be somewhat stubborn, and unwilling to be corrected, it will be only apparent. He will profit by the information she communicates. It is a safe way to give this matter a short trial.

Further: Wives are generally fond of the society of their husbands, and are desirous of having them at home. Should the husband be a little disposed to wander, the most sure and successful method for the wife, is, to make his home the most delightful spot on earth. If she feels unpleasant at his leaving home unnecessarily, let this be kept secret, or suppressed, and always receive him with smiles, and he will not long be able to resist such charms. He will return to his home as the weary dove came to the ark; there he will set up his rest, giving it the preference to all other places.

Let it ever be kept in mind, that faults and imperfections exist on both sides. Neither the husband nor wife always do precisely as they wish. There are imprudences with both parties. Hence the importance of mutual forbearance and forgiveness.

Let the broad mantle of charity be thrown over the frailties and foibles of both, and domestic peace and felicity will spring up and flourish as native plants. But dispense with the exercise of forbearance and forgiveness, and you will have a tophet. No worse hell can be conceived of.

Let there be mutual confidence. No attempt at concealment. But let all be openness and plain dealing. The least lack of confidence on either side, will produce distrust; that will ripen into jealousy, and the latter into strife; and then farewell, a long farewell to the comforts of social life.

The wife being the bosom companion of the husband, should not be kept ignorant of all he does. It is for his interest to let her know how he prospers. He need not go and give an account of himself, as the little boy goes to his mother—but speak of his affairs in her presence, with the same freedom, that he would in the society of his most confident associate in business. This will secure her respect and reverence. And the same openness should invariably characterize the wife.

All of which is respectfully submitted to persons in married life.

D. D. S.

How can Christ subdue all things unto himself, if a malevolent being and his agents eternally counteract and oppose him? How can God be all in all, if the greater number of his creatures incessantly excrete his name, and vent the most horrid blasphemies against him?

THE MANIAC.

Original.

I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak the words of truth and soberness.'—ST. PAUL.

[THE following story purports to be founded on fact. It comes to us free of postage, and as there is nothing in the production particularly offensive, we have concluded to give it a place in our columns. We are not much pleased with the spirit in which the story is told, and must confess that we have but little faith in its correctness. It may be true, and it may not. Our correspondent may feel himself aggrieved at this plain notice of his favor, but this we cannot help. Should he be disposed to forward us evidence of its correctness, it will be acceptable. We state for the especial benefit of all our correspondents—we wish them to keep within the bounds of probability.—ED.]

It was during the dark days of December, 1825, that I commenced writing a small work which I had long had in contemplation, the object of which was to defend the doctrine of a complete atonement. I had long been satisfied of the truth of an universal reconciliation, and resolved on placing the arguments which satisfied my own mind upon paper. This I did for my own gratification, and not with a view to publication. For the more convenient performance of this task, I had retired to the large village of S—, on the banks of the Hudson River, and had hired a room in the house of a Mr. Jordan, a man of some influence in that part of the country. The family of my host consisted of his wife, three daughters, and one son, the latter being for the most part, absent from home. I was not previously acquainted with any of the family, having lived nearly all my life in the city of New York. I had been recommended, by a friend, to take up my abode in this house, as the quietness and good order maintained by its indwellers were calculated to insure me against interruption. I reached the house just after dusk, and was civilly welcomed to my temporary home. Mr. Jordan, himself, was an elderly personage, very talkative and full of anecdote; but I soon discovered that he was a violent politician, and denounced all those who differed from him in sentiment, with what I considered intemperate zeal. I had never been a very decided partisan, and, of course, his conversation, was neither very entertaining nor very agreeable. I replied to him mostly in monosyllables, and hoped by offering no opposition to his sentiments, to give no offence. But here I was mistaken, for he not only required me to advance nothing against his opinions, but also to enter strongly into the spirit of them. This man, like many others, talked loudly and strongly of the freedom of our institutions, the blessings of equality and liberty, the despotism of foreign princes, the tyranny of popes and cardinals, and the glorious enterprise of the pilgrims who sought a home in the wilderness, where they could enjoy perfect freedom of thought; while, at the same time, he, though neither prince nor pope, seemed determined to exercise the most absolute controul over the minds of all his acquaintances,

and considered a want of allegiance to him the most unpardonable crime—thus affording another example of the mistaken spirit of those who denounce hierarchies and monarchies in the most relentless terms, merely because they are not willing to submit to their restraint, but yet require from others the same unconditional obedience, proving themselves to be professing liberals, but real tyrants! Mrs. Jordan was a few years younger than her husband; had, probably, never been beautiful, and was not possessed of an amiable countenance. Her intellect was not of a high order, and she thought her husband the pink of perfection, and wondered that every body did not fall in immediately with his views, and yield him all the respect which he claimed. The two elder daughters had a smattering of learning, and supposed themselves the pride of the village, because they believed just as they were taught, and thought every one a fool or a sinner who did not follow the current of popular opinion, and do exactly as their neighbors did. The youngest daughter, Maria, was but sixteen years of age, and, of course, her character was not yet developed; but, when I first saw her, I was struck by the ingenuousness of her countenance, and the sweet simplicity of her manners. She spoke but little, and did not appear to be a favorite with the rest of the family.

Such were my observations during the first evening that I spent with the family. I could perceive a strong disposition on the part of Mr. Jordan to draw me out, and to become acquainted with my views on all subjects. I did not feel at liberty to tell all my thoughts, on so short an acquaintance, especially as I considered his curiosity rather impertinent. This reserve on my part did not appear to suit the senior portion of the family, who seemed to think that my being an inmate of their house gave them a right to know my most secret thoughts. I retired to my room at the usual hour, and resolved to make that my constant retreat both day and night, believing that there I should, at least, escape questioning. On the next morning, when I met the family at breakfast, I observed that the eyes of Mr. Jordan were fixed upon me with an expression of displeasure, but did not trouble myself to inquire the reason, as I knew not what right he had to be displeased with me. Soon, however, I was made acquainted with the true state of the case. His wife began by throwing out some vague hints about keeping good hours, and the high price of lamp oil. Mr. Jordan followed up the subject by saying that he had observed a light burning in my room until near midnight, and he wished me to be informed of the rules of the house, which were that every one should be in bed by ten o'clock, or before. I at once told my absolute host that I should submit to no such rules—that I was writing a work which it would take me some time to finish, and that I found it necessary to improve every moment; consequently I should probably sit up, sometimes, nearly all night.

'But what are you writing,' inquired he, 'that requires such constant attention?'

'A book on the subject of religion, sir,' answered I.

'Religion!' cried he, 'I did not know that you were a religious man——'

'No, sir,' interrupted I, 'I presume you did not know that I was a religious man. I do not believe in exhibiting one's religion to the world, and appearing unto men to fast.'

This seemed to puzzle my inquisitive host a little, and he became silent; but I could perceive that I had only raised the curiosity of the family, who occasionally glanced their eyes at me, and whose countenances seemed to say, 'what a strange man he is!'

After breakfast I retired to my room, and spent some time in arranging my books and papers, in order to prepare for commencing my work in good earnest. My room overlooked a pleasant grove, at the distance of one hundred yards from the house, and seemed to be, in every respect, well calculated for my purpose. An antique bureau, a couple of old fashioned leathern chairs, a table, and a looking-glass, were all the furniture it contained, but the room was not large, and would not well hold more. The door was well secured by a good lock, and I made no doubt I should enjoy the luxury of solitude and silence. I commenced my labors, and progressed as rapidly as could well be expected.

I saw the family at meal times, and although the same prying curiosity on their part, and studious reserve on mine, prevented any very close attachment from subsisting between us, yet nothing took place which was calculated to render it necessary for me to remove my place of residence. I still devoted a good part of the night to my business, and, in all things, took my own way, being careful to give no offence to those with whom I lived, farther than a spirit of independence was likely to do. Sunday arrived, and I was in my apartment until nearly ten o'clock in the morning, when some one tapped at my door. I opened it, and Mr. Jordan stood before me. 'I have come,' said he, 'to see if you are going to meeting. We are all going, and you can sit with us, if you like.' 'Thank you,' said I, 'I will accept your invitation.' I hastily prepared myself, and in a few moments, was on my way to church with my host and his family. I was ushered into the pew with something like a display of pride, as the situation of the pew of Mr. Jordan was one of the best in the meeting house, and seemed to betoken that he was a person of some consequence. The preacher was a young man who handled his subject, which was, that few shall be saved, in the same dull, prosing style as most partialists do. Mr. Jordan appeared to be highly edified by the sermon, and, when the psalm was given out, he handed me a little red-covered book containing the piece, purporting to be one of the psalms of David, but so altered as to suit the vengeful sentiments contained in the sermon. Of course I did not sing; I could join in no ceremony whose object was, to praise God for damning my fellow creatures to all eternity. Mr. Jordan sung more loud than well, while his wife and two eldest daughters joined in the psalm with great enthusiasm. The young Maria also sung, but I observed that when she came to any line which was very full of horrors, she paused until it had been sung by the rest. This induced

me to believe that, young as she was, Maria had thought some upon these subjects, and perhaps had some opinion of her own.

When we returned home to dinner, Mr. Jordan asked me if I were no singer. I told him that I had sometimes trusted my voice in that way. 'I observed,' said he, 'that you did not sing to-day at church.' His wife and elder daughters dropped their knives, and looked in my face for an answer.

'I trust,' said I, 'that I am not unwilling to laud the great name of my Maker, and to praise Him who shed his blood for the salvation of all mankind; but I had rather sing of his mercy than his wrath.'

'So you are not a member of our church, I suppose,' said Mr. Jordan, 'Pray what society do you belong to?'

'I am not a member of any religious society,' replied I, 'but trust I am none the less disposed to assist in the good work, on that account.'

'In these parts,' said he, 'all religious men think they can be more useful in the cause of God by joining some society, and attending some particular church. Pray what church did you mostly attend in New York?'

'I frequently went to hear the eloquent discourses of Rev. Mr. Mitchell, the Universalist,' I replied.

This put an end to the conversation. Maria looked up inquiringly; the other daughters and their mother ate their dinners with great gravity, not deigning to favor me any more with their notice, while Mr. Jordan looked like a man who had been grievously insulted at his own table. In the afternoon, I walked in the grove, and pondered on the glorious promises of the gospel. On the next day, I met the family, as usual, at the table, but they were much less communicative than formerly, and I thought I saw on the countenance of Maria, a look of anxiety and disturbance very unusual to one of her years. In the afternoon, I went out again and spent a little time amongst the yellow leaves and withered branches of the grove.

When I returned to my room, I soon discovered that my papers had been deranged. Several sheets, which I had written over, were gone. I searched the room thoroughly but could find nothing of them. I had left my key in the door, when I went out, and it seemed very possible that some of the family had entered, during my absence, and taken them away. Prudence would seem to have required that I should have taken away the key of the door—but I was unwilling thus to cast an implied suspicion upon the honor of those with whom I lived. I felt considerably disturbed by this circumstance, for, although there was nothing contained in what I had written which I should object to being shown to the whole world, yet, I thought my plan of retirement was wholly frustrated if I had got amongst a set of people who did not respect the privacy of my withdrawing room. I thought I would watch the countenances of the family narrowly at the supper table. I did so; but could detect nothing calculated to betray any cognizance of the affair—excepting that the amiable Maria appeared unusually sad, and her under lip slightly trembled when she attempted to speak. The loss of my papers occasioned me considerable inconvenience, but I applied myself anew

to my task, in the hope that when the purloiners of my sheets had satisfied themselves by the perusal of them, they would return them to me again in the same stealthy manner, in which they had taken them; to afford them facilities to do which, I left the key in my door, as I had been accustomed to do.

Another Sunday arrived, and I had neither seen or heard any thing of my missing papers. As before, Mr. Jordan invited me to go to meeting with his family. I consented. But what was my surprise to hear the preacher, in his discourse, take up several of the arguments which I had written down on my stolen sheets, and undertake a confutation of them! I became convinced that he had seen my papers, and resolved, at the close of the meeting, to call upon him, and require some explanation. A triumphant glance or two from Mr. and Mrs. Jordan, as the minister sat down, went far to strengthen me in my resolution. After the benediction was pronounced, and while Rev. Mr. L— was descending the pulpit stairs, I went up to him, and said, 'Sir, you have favored us to-day with some strictures on Universalism.' He very coolly observed, as he tried to pass me, 'I hope you have been benefited by them. I have neither time nor inclination to converse with you.' 'I will not trespass on your time,' returned I, 'but if you will name an evening when you will be at leisure, I should like to converse with you on a subject, in which your honor is deeply implicated.' The preacher made no answer but pushed rudely by me. I then addressed several of the congregation who had lingered behind to witness this unusual scene, as follows. 'I wish you that are here to bear witness that Mr. L— refuses to explain to me some circumstances which deeply reflect on his own character, and from which I am anxious that he should acquit himself. I am governed by no ill will towards the gentleman who officiates here, in making these observations, but I demand that you, who belong to his flock, should investigate the affair, and judge accordingly.'

No answer was returned to me, but I detected a sneer on the faces of the younger part of my audience, while those who were farther advanced shook their heads and went after their minister to assure him of their perfect confidence in his integrity! Mr. Jordan and family had left the church. I did not overtake them on the way to the house, but when I entered it, I overheard earnest whisperings, which were hushed up the moment that I appeared. All the family, excepting Maria, regarded me with a very ferocious and forbidding aspect, as I sat down to the table, while the latter looked at me with a very mournful expression of countenance, and a tear trembled on her eyelids. I felt strongly disposed to charge Mr. Jordan with playing me false, and quit his house immediately, but a desire to ferret out the whole matter, and make some discovery by which I could penetrate the cause of Maria's melancholy, led me to keep my lips closed, for the present, on a subject which had so much disturbed my usual complacency.

After dinner I took my customary ramble in the grove, and, being deeply engaged, in thought, I tarried much longer than usual. On my return to

my room, I was shocked to find that my papers had once more been taken away, while the others had not yet been returned. I must confess that, this time, my temper rather got the better of my discretion. I was about descending the stairs and calling Mr. Jordan to an account immediately, when my eye fell upon the large family bible, which lay upon a chair in one corner of the room. I had frequently made use of this book since I occupied the apartment, and now thought it would be wiser for me to read a chapter in the Bible before I saw the man against whom my feelings were so much excited. I took up the ponderous volume, and, upon opening it, my sheets fell from between its leaves to the floor. This was positive proof that some person had entered my room clandestinely, and, although he had not, this time, carried off my writings, yet he had been guilty of an act almost as malicious, by hiding my property in a place where he imagined I should not be able to find it! I now altered my plan, and resolved to watch for the intruder. For that purpose, on the next evening, I went into the grove, and placed myself on a rock directly in front of my window. I had remained there some time. The air was cold, and I was about returning, when I saw a faint light playing on the tops of some trees near the place where I was stationed. I was not long in discovering that the light gleamed from the windows of my apartment. I now determined to detect the pilferer, and, running towards the house, mounted a little shed, which gave me an opportunity to look directly into my window. What was my surprise at discovering Maria, with a lamp in her hand, ransacking my papers, picking out all that were written on, and conveying them into a work basket which hung on her arm! I had not once imagined that any person less hardy than Mr. Jordan had presumed to enter my apartment during my absence; but Maria—the gentle, unassuming, ingenuous, and sensitive girl of sixteen—I could scarcely believe that my eyes did not deceive me! 'How have I been mistaken in her character!' thought I. 'So young, and yet so depraved! Pretending to simplicity, she wears that unaffected guise in order to conceal her deep and subtle art, even as her personal beauty hides the deformity of her mind.' I now began to mistrust that I had been unjust to her father. I was inclined to believe that he was wholly ignorant of her baseness, and I pitied him for having a daughter whose early wickedness promised nothing but what must be agonizing to a parent's heart. I remembered, too, that Maria did not seem to be a favorite with her mother and sisters. I decided, in my mind, that they were acquainted with the duplicity of her character, and that it was for that reason, they had always behaved towards her with so much coolness. I made no attempt to rush to my apartment and confront her in the very act of carrying off my property, for I felt that I was unable to approach one with anger whom I had so long esteemed as the most innocent of her sex.

As I descended from my observatory, for the purpose of entering the house, I heard loud whispering near me. I looked into the road, from which the sound seemed to proceed, and saw two men, wrapped in

cloaks, standing near the door, and looking up anxiously towards the windows of my apartment.

'That's he; there he goes,' whispered one of them, as I became visible. That was sufficient to satisfy me of the purpose with which Maria had entered my apartment. I could not doubt that these men had come for the purpose of receiving my papers from her hands. I concluded that Maria was in the employ of the minister, and that her father knew nothing of the compact existing between them.

Without speaking to the two men in cloaks, who seemed rather to avoid me, I entered the house, and retired immediately to my apartment. As I expected, my papers were not to be found in any part of the room. I resolved to say nothing to Maria on the subject, believing it would be acting a more manly and equitable part to go directly to the fountain head of this mischief, and charge the minister with his villainy.

On the next morning, I met Maria on the stairs, as I was descending to the breakfast table. She looked as if she had been in tears, and regarded me with the same sad and mournful expression as usual. I hastily passed her, without speaking, and repaired to the dining room. Mr. Jordan and his family did not appear to notice my presence, for some time, until beginning to condemn myself for the reserve which I had so long manifested, I undertook to introduce some conversation.

'You do not write much now?' said he inquiringly.

'Yes, sir,' answered I. 'I have written more within a few days, than formerly.'

He exchanged glances with his wife and daughters, and I thought he looked as if he did not believe me.

'Where is Maria? why does she not come to breakfast?' said Mrs. Jordan. 'Letitia, go and call your sister.' Letitia went to summon Maria, and I continued the conversation by asking Mr. Jordan what had led him to suppose that I was less industrious than usual. He seemed at a loss for an answer, but his wife immediately replied, 'oh, we did not know—only you walk out more than you used to. Do you love to walk in the night?' I told her that I was fond of solitude and contemplation. She replied by a cold smile, and exchanged a meaningful glance with her husband.

At that moment Maria entered, followed by Letitia, who was chiding her in a loud voice, for her delinquency. Maria's cheeks were flushed as she took her seat at the table, and her eyes were red and swollen with weeping. I was very much at a loss to account for these strange appearances, and the more I thought upon them, the more puzzled I became.

After breakfast, I returned to my room. I was about making preparations to call on the minister, and require some explanation of his insidious conduct, when my eyes fell upon a bundle that lay on one of the chairs, neatly done up in a piece of fine paper. I opened it and discovered all my stolen sheets, excepting those which had first been taken away, and which, as before stated, the minister had made extracts from, in his sermon. This was a mystery wholly inexplicable. Could Maria have become conscience-stricken and returned these papers? No;

because the men whom I saw in the evening, lurking around the house, were doubtless the persons who had been sent to receive them. She had opportunity enough to give them up, as she doubtless had given up the first parcel which was stolen. How then came these to be returned in good order, and with such promptitude. I resolved to watch another evening, before I called on the minister. I repaired at dark, to my place of observation in the grove, but had scarcely reached it when I beheld several men moving along cautiously towards me, creeping behind some shrubbery that intervened between us. I placed myself in a posture of defence, but the number was too great for my single arm to cope with. I was seized and bound with strong cords. In vain I called for assistance. No response was made to my repeated cries. When I was secured, I was surprised to perceive that Mr. Jordan was one of the assailants.

'Tell me, sir,' said I, as they led; or rather carried me away—'Of what offence have I been guilty that these bonds are placed upon me?'

'How strange he talks!' cried one of my capturers.

'Never mind his talk,' cried another, in whose voice I recognized the Rev. Mr. L——, 'hurry him away, before he escapes, for he is very dangerous in his raving fits.'

'I perceive by your observations,' said I, calmly, 'that you have taken me up for a lunatic—Pray what proofs have you that I am not of sound mind?'

'Proofs enough—proofs enough!' reiterated Mr. Jordan, 'who that was in his senses, would spend half his time wandering about in the woods? Who that was not crazy would pretend to believe the word of God, and then write such lies; that there is no Hell, and—'

'Stop, stop!' said the minister, 'don't talk to him. He is beneath our notice. I saw him last night climbing up on a shed, and looking in at the windows. What rational man would behave in that manner?'

'Yes,' put in Mr. Jordan, 'and then to pretend that he was writing in his room all this time, when we know—'

'Oh, don't say any more, Mr. Jordan, I beseech you,' interrupted the minister—'it's enough that we know what he is, and common charity requires that we place him in close confinement in the Mad House.'

'To be sure it is,' said a wind-dried deacon, with a squeaking voice, 'he should not be allowed to run loose and poison the weak with such wicked heresies as are contained in those papers which—'

'Yes, you are right,' hastily interrupted the minister, 'he must be lodged in a house where he will learn better manners, than to insult a man of God in the midst of his congregation.'

'If you are honest men,' said I, 'how came you to be acquainted with the contents of my manuscript, which were left in my own private room?'

But, by this time, we had reached a black looking, strong-built house, with grated windows, and massive door.

The keeper of this house came out, and bowed with great politeness to the Rev. Mr. L——, who

hastily requested that I might be locked up in his strongest room, and no one admitted to see me. The keeper promised to obey implicitly, and I was forthwith thrust into a dungeon, which appeared to have no communication with any other apartment excepting by the door at which I entered. Here I remained three days, with nothing to eat but bread and water. My keeper refused to answer any questions, and, whenever I addressed him, lifted his cudgel and commanded silence. On the evening of the third day, I heard a voice, on the outside of the house, which seemed to be spoken by some person who had applied his mouth to a small crevice in one side of my dungeon.

'Who is there?' said I.

'A friend,' returned the other—'I have brought you a letter. I will return to-morrow evening for an answer.'

A piece of paper was then thrust through the crevice, together with a lead pencil. I was obliged to wait until morning before I could read the note, by the little light admitted by the aperture just mentioned. It ran thus:—

'Mr. — I think it my duty to acquaint you with your present situation, and what has led to it. My brother, who has just reached home, is much attached to me, and has volunteered his services to bring you this note. Shortly after you came to live with us, my father told the minister that you were writing in favor of Universalism; and the minister requested him to obtain some of your writings by stealth. My father entered your room, in your absence, and carried off all that you had written, which he delivered into the hands of Mr. L—. My father told all the circumstances to my mother, in the presence of his children. My father told the minister that you were very reserved, that you sat up half the night, and walked alone in the woods. The minister persuaded my father that you might be taken up as a deranged person, and confined. This he did, because you offended him so much by threatening to expose his villainy, in the meeting-house. Mr. L— went around to all the people of the village, and tried to persuade them that you were insane. His influence is such that they generally believed him. The minister used occasionally to call at the house, or on the premises, with Deacon Henney, in order to collect some fresh proofs of your bewilderment, and receive some of your manuscript from my father. On one occasion, when the minister was here, and my father was about going into your room to carry off your writings, I entered, before him, and hid your sheets in the large Bible, so that he could not find them. My father searched in vain for your writings, and returned empty, telling Mr. L— that you had written nothing lately. The last time that Mr. L— and Deacon Henney called, you had gone out to walk in the grove. They told my father, that they had now sufficient authority for taking you up, and should do it, but wanted to get some more of your writings, and destroy them, before they captured you. Accordingly, my father was on the point of going up to your room, when I ascended before him, and put all your manuscript into a little work-basket, which I carried off, before he made his appearance in your

room. He found nothing there, at which the minister was surprised, but soon took his leave. Shortly afterwards you entered. My concern for you did not admit of my sleeping all that night, and, in the morning, I placed your papers again in your room.— When you passed me on the stairs, that morning, without speaking, as was not your ordinary custom, I thought you were offended with me, and wept bitterly—for the nobleness of your sentiments has made a deep impression on my mind; and I will do anything to get you out of your present confinement. I send you a lead pencil with which you may write the name of some of your friends at home, and I will send them word of your present situation.'

'MARIA.'

I perused this letter with astonishment. I saw that I had rashly attributed the generous disinterestedness of Maria to the basest motives, and determined that I would repay her kindness with my life, if necessary. But there was no occasion for the lead pencil. On that evening, I was aroused from my contemplations by a thundering jar against the side of my dungeon. It was several times repeated, and the side of the house broke in with a crash. I was seized by one arm, and dragged from my cell into the open air. There I beheld about forty youths all dressed in disguise, with their faces painted. The keeper of the Mad House stood at a little distance surrounded by his family, none of whom thought it safe to interfere. I was conveyed to the shore, where a boat was in readiness to receive me, and I was put on board of a packet, bound to New York, that lay at anchor in the stream; my deliverers telling me that it was unsafe for me to remain in the village, where the influence of Mr. L— was sufficient to injure me again. The leader of this band of youths made himself known to me as the brother of Maria. He mentioned to me that it was his intention to lead his party directly to the house of Mr. L—, where they should seize on the person of the minister, and tar and feather him. I endeavored to dissuade the youths from such an enterprise—telling them that the law would take cognizance of him, for his unrighteous attack upon my liberty. But my advice was not heeded. The enraged youths, led on by Maria's brother, dragged the minister from his house, and inflicted such a punishment upon him, as is never justifiable.

Methinks the reader asks, what became of the lovely, generous, and devoted Maria? Go to my house and ask my boy to point out his mother to you.

Hudson, N. Y.

A.

THE HYPOCRITE.

Original.

AMONGST the scholars of Mr. Weston's school in G—, was a demure, long-faced boy, by the name of Benjamin Ruggles. He had the reputation of being a very well-behaved youth, for he was never detected in any mischievous act, had never been punished by his preceptor, or received a reproof during the whole course of his studies. Yet Benjamin was never a favorite with any body. Although

never overtaken in an actual misdemeanor, there was a certain darkness of heart about him, a solitary selfish enjoyment of whatever good thing he could lay his hands upon, that was peculiarly unamiable. Many of the other scholars were reprov'd and punished frequently, and the same scholars were more beloved both by their master and their playfellows than the faultless hero of my tale. This may be readily accounted for, by the supposition that young Ruggles was not, in reality, so perfect as outward appearances seemed to indicate. He possessed a peculiar tact at breaking the rules of the school, and escaping detection at the same time. He was willing to reap the miserable enjoyments obtained by vice, but artfully evaded the retributive justice which usually awaits the transgressor; and he was willing to be guilty of any meanness to shield himself. Thus did he contrive to cast all the blame upon those who were less culpable than he, even if the boys thus injured had placed him under considerable obligations to them. Such a boy could not be expected to make an honorable man—yet did he set up in business with fair prospects; and obtained a plentiful stock of goods on credit. Every body believed him to be a very honest man, especially as he had joined a religious society, and kept two large bibles in his house, each of which was supposed to weigh about ten pounds. Whenever the minister or any of the deacons called to see him, he was seen poring over one of his bibles. At church, he sat in a pew adjacent to the pulpit, and no man's face of the whole congregation wore such a sanctimonious expression as his. He also contrived to be very charitable; for when he had anything that was of no use to him or anybody else, he would give it to the poor. Mr. Ruggles' character, therefore, rose like the Bunker Hill Monument, and his piety and charity became quite a money-making concern.

Some people wondered that our hero did not get married, as he was fully able to maintain a family; but Ruggles was very hard to suit in that particular. He could not make up his mind to marry any woman, who would not bring a considerable accession to his purse; and, as ladies are not particularly partial to narrow-minded selfish men, he did not find it easy to choose and obtain just such a one as he wanted. Every one who lived in the neighborhood of Ruggles thought he was fair and upright in his dealings, and he did contrive to keep under cover of the law. It was only children and poor judges of his goods that he charged twice as much for them as they were worth, or turned off upon the inexperienced some inferior article scarcely worth carrying away. By these tricks in trade, he was enabled, in a few years, to amass a round sum of money; for any man who has no conscience, and wears a smooth outside, may get rich in this world. It may be doubted that he ever took the pains to reflect whether he had a soul or not, much less what would become of it; yet the world gave him credit for a great share of godliness; and as he marched through the streets as upright as a post, with a visage as severe as an icicle, people would judge him to be a very thoughtful man; and so he was, but his thoughts were upon this world's goods, and the manner to obtain them by underhanded

means, and escape detection. Perceiving that Temperance Societies were very popular, and that many good men had taken a decided part in the great reform, he also commenced a violent outcry against spirits, and those who sold the destructive article; and well he might, for he was the secret proprietor of a little dram shop in the filthiest part of the town, and he knew that if could put down the other sellers of poison, he should get all the custom to himself.—He generally visited this shop late in the evening, when his agent who had been sworn to secrecy, gave him an account of the income during the day. It so fell out, that Ruggles was, one night, obliged to officiate at the bar himself, on account of the sudden indisposition of his hired man. He well knew that no person in that part of the town, was acquainted with him, and that none of the members of his church would be likely to call at his shop for liquor. Therefore, putting on a disguise, he stationed himself behind the bar, and dealt out destruction, assiduously, to all who called upon him. It happened that the minister of the church to which Ruggles belonged, had been that night sent for, to visit a poor woman on her death bed, who needed spiritual consolation. The minister had picked his way, as well as he could, through the filthy and narrow streets in that section of the town, but being at length bewildered, stopped at the grog-shop, from the window of which a light was gleaming, to inquire his way. The back of Ruggles was towards the door when the worthy man entered. The minister walked directly up to the bar, little dreaming in whose presence he stood, and was about inquiring where the sick woman lived, when Ruggles, as is customary, turned round and placing a glass on the counter, said 'what will you take, sir?' At the same moment their eyes met! Ruggles started back, like one thunder-struck. The minister coolly asked him if he found alcohol a profitable article to speculate in, and took his departure. The mask was now stripped from the character of the deceiver, and his downfall was more sudden than his rise; affording an example that however the wicked may flourish for a while, there is no safety in any thing but truth and righteousness. T.

LAND OF NOD.

Original.

MOTHER, said Susan Cushman, I have been reading the Bible. It gives an account of some towns which I cannot find on my map of the world. Did not the man who made the map know where those places were?

'To what places do you allude?' inquired the good natured matron. There is nothing like treating a child kindly. Some parents are cross and sour, and if their children approach them when they are deeply engaged, they snap and snarl at them, as if they were troublesome cats and dogs. This ought not so to be. Such parents, are only preparing for themselves, days of darkness and trouble. They are, by so doing, implanting the same spirit and disposition in the minds of their children. But to return.

Susan replied—It says in the book of Genesis,

that Cain went to the 'Land of Nod.' Now I cannot find any such place, mentioned either in the geography, or on the map. Where do you suppose it is?

You remind me, child, of the Dutch minister, who one day attempted to describe the Land of Nod in his sermon. He gravely announced his text, and then said he should discuss the subject of it under these two heads:—

1st. Show where the land of Nod is not.

2d. Show where it is.

In attending to the first proposition, he asserted that it was not in Europe, nor Asia, nor Africa, nor America; and assigned as a reason, that each of those places had been examined thoroughly, but no such place as Nod could be found. When he came to the second general division of the subject, he immediately stated—'The land of Nod is in the land of Nod; it is there, and nowhere else.' And should I attempt, my daughter, to give you a description of that place, I fear it would be quite as indefinite as the one now noticed.

'What does this part of the Bible mean then?' anxiously inquired Susan. 'Is there no such place? If there is, why can it not be pointed out? If there is no such place, why is it said that Cain went to the land of Nod?'

Your questions are very pertinent, replied Mrs. Cushman; the fault is not in you, that the matter is not plain to your mind, it is with the translators. They did not always do their duty, nor render the sense of the passage they attempted to translate, so clear, as it was in their power to do.

Dr. Hunter, an English divine of great research, and an elegant writer, who wrote the 'Sacred Biography,' says that the same original word, which in the passage you have read to me, is rendered Nod, is in another part of the same book, rendered 'VAGABOND.' 'A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth.' Here, vagabond is used for the word Nod; and this renders the sense of the passage more obvious.

It should be read in this manner—'And Cain dwelt in the land a vagabond.' Such was his fate. He was cast off by all. Every one shunned him. All regarded him with an evil eye, and despised him as the shedder of innocent blood. And herein the threatenings of the Bible are made apparently true—that 'God will by no means clear the guilty, nor let the wicked go unpunished.'

This is perfectly plain, mother. There are several more passages about which I wish to inquire, but as you are much engaged this evening, I will defer my questions until a more convenient time. I have in times past devoted all my leisure moments to the reading of novels, and romances; but for the time to come, I am determined to pay more attention to reading the Bible.

I am glad to hear you thus resolve, my daughter, for I know that the employment will afford you great pleasure, and be productive of great good. You need not be backward in asking me any questions with reference to the Bible, for I shall be glad to answer any you may propound, whenever you see fit to propose them.

If every parent, mothers in particular, would take pains to instruct their daughters in a knowledge of the scriptures, the sacred volume would be more generally read by the fair of the land, than it is at the present time. The good book would not be so often laid aside for those which inculcate sentiments as false as satin, and inspire hopes which can never be realized. Let mothers take the hint, and govern themselves according to the dictates of sound wisdom.

D. D. S.

A PICTURE.

Original.

At the close of a bright and a vernal day,
When the day-god had veiled his sultry ray,
With the curtains of the west,—
When the Evening's sable crest
Had darkened half the sky,
And the zephyr's lullaby
Had hushed the earth to rest—

While the smiling brow of a Heaven-born sphere,
Gleamed down through the twilight, dimly clear,
And the mellow note of the nightingale,
Trilled a welcome sweet, to the moonbeam pale,
And the rustling leaves of the forest trees,
With a playful dalliance braved the breeze,
And the silent dew,
Distilling through

The distant depths of the darksome blue,
Upon each flower, and upon each spray,
Shed the latest boon of the dying day,—
A son of the earth, from his lowly cot,
Went forth to a chosen, secluded spot,
To ponder on the world and its varied lot.

A man of sorrows had he been,
And walked of yore, the path of sin,
Till his feet had slipped from its dizzy verge,
And plunged him headlong 'neath the surge
Of sad repentance, which below,
Rolled onward with a fitful flow;
But manfully he stemmed the tide,
And gained at last the other side,
Though well immersed, yet purified.

Yes purified; for he went forth
An altered man; he felt the worth
Of Virtue's safe and even road,
As, to the one so lately trod,
He cast, full oft, a backward gaze,
And marked it, peering 'midst the haze
Of its guile-tainted atmosphere,
A rugged cliff, steep, dang'rous, drear;
A causeway, pendant o'er th' abyss,
Where turgid maelstroms broil and hiss;
With many a crevice, many a snare,
To hurl its heedless wanderers there,
To struggle long, and then, to die
With added woe to agony;
Or haply, to some few 't was given,
To gain, like him, fair Virtue's haven.
Ah! happy man; a vow he made,
That, as his footsteps once had strayed
Within that path, no more should they
Unto its threshold trace their way;
But, he resolved, that, on the shore,
Whose beauteous regions spread before
Him now, he would sojourn,
That, when some struggling soul was borne,
Upon that tide which bore him there,
He might unto his aid repair,

To bring him safe unto the strand
Of Virtue's fair and happy land,—
To wipe his brow, revive his heart,
And bid him with 'God speed,' depart,
Upon a better, safer road,
Than that, which he had lately trod.

Then, in a bright and sunny spot,
Beside a rill, he built his cot;
That murmuring rill, both night and morn,
Danced gaily through his cottage lawn,
And kissed the verdure, which arrayed
Each ripple with fantastic shade;
And oft the lark its sloping brink,
Would visit, at the dawn, to drink,
And dress its plumage, ere it flew,
Amid the depths of distant blue,
With cleaving wing and carol sweet,
Aurora's gilded car to meet;
While, o'er his thatch, the woodbine grew;
And there the dove would come to woo
His prudish mate, while, breathing round,
The zephyr's sigh of minstrel sound,
And gentlest flow,

Would utter low,
The softest plaint of Nature's woe;
Then, o'er the ether, die along,
To tell afar its plaintive song;
While, through the greensward, onward still
Would dance the sparkling, laughing rill,
As if, to Nature sad, it would
Impart its own melodious mood.

How oft, at evening's tranquil hour,
When sombre shades hued grove and bower,
This son of earth would steal away
To some lone spot, amidst the gray
Of coming night, to meditate
Upon this sublunary state;
While hopes, like many a sparkling gem,
Would deck his fancy's diadem,
(Whose base was faith, whose crown was Heaven,)
Amidst the loneliness of Even;
And shapes of joy, would gaily play
Across his soul, as if a ray
From some unseen, immortal sphere,
Had wandered in its brightness, there;
While blissful thoughts and blissful themes
Were burdens of his midnight dreams;
For Truth to him, had lifted high
The portals of Eternity;
And many a bright and rapturous scene,
Had often cheered his mind I ween,
Of things, by mortal eye unseen.

Thus passed his days; but, thus no more,
His days shall pass upon that shore—
Forsaken is his chosen spot,
His woodbine bower, his rustic cot—
He was—he is—and yet is not.

D. J. M.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER.

Original.

I AM pleased to see your columns devoted to original pieces—it will without doubt tend to the improvement of those who write, and furnish an intellectual regale for those who read. I think, Mr. Editor, you have undertaken a very important task, and something quite new. The rights of females have, if ever established, long been forgotten. Though it is ad-

mitted, that our minds are capable of improvement, and if properly cultivated, our influence in society would be great; for which good opinion respecting us, I trust we are duly grateful.

I have no permission to speak for any female but myself, yet, I presume that I speak the sentiments of all, when I say, we wish for improvement, rather than amusement. And that you may know of what class your readers are, I wish that every female who subscribes for your paper, would send you a short communication, and let it be an index of her mind. It would afford you more intelligence respecting their minds, than could be obtained from a personal interview. Without some system in teaching, little or no advantage can be derived; and none know where to begin, who are entirely unacquainted with the attainments of those they teach.

If they commence below their capacity, time is lost, and nothing gained; and if above their capacities, nothing is accomplished. That we may truly improve, we must be furnished with something to sustain and strengthen the mind. A moral painting is a moral delusion, and is no more food for the mind, than a painted loaf of bread is for the body.

There is a flood of publications thrown upon the world, and not one out of a thousand is worth reading. That the 'LADIES' REPOSITORY' may not be of this worthless number, is much to be desired—and that it may be of a better class, let it always contain the commandment of the Lord, which is pure, enlightening the eyes, and making wise the simple.

Yours, respectfully,

C. G. C.

Worthington, Ohio.

[We have received a great many good hints and useful suggestions, with reference to the Ladies' Repository, and shall doubtless profit by them. We are not only willing our friends should advise, but are desirous they should; and on our part, we will heed their advice, so far as prudence shall dictate. We are happy to learn, that the female portion of the Universalist denomination take a lively interest in the circulation of our work.

It shall be our aim to make it every way worthy of their support. The suggestion contained in the preceding letter, made with reference to our female readers, is a good one, and we hope it will be observed by those, for whose special benefit it is made. We are glad to know what is the true condition of the order of Universalists at large, especially that of the class to whose interests this work is particularly devoted, for then we can speak a word in due season, and not be under the necessity of drawing the bow to venture.

The letter of which we have given an extract, contained the names of five new subscribers, and the pay for each—so that we not only desire that the suggestion of our fair friend may be observed, but that others may go and do likewise, and thus benefit the community, and the Repository. If each subscriber would obtain one, it would greatly extend our circulation, and give us the means of being more useful, and of making the publication more interesting.

As it interferes with no other publication, this might be done without injury to any other paper in the order.—Ed.]

SALMAGUNDI.

Original.

'Many men of many minds.'

I HAVE been a great traveller in my day, and have been a close observer of the actions of my fellow creatures. Especially in the town of Varyville, where I once lived for the space of two whole years, I found much food for observation and reflection. I boarded at a public house kept by Mrs. Saveall, a widow lady, rather advanced in life; of slender person, with a wrinkled brow and very sharp nose. She was also a great talker, and much more liberal of words than she was of anything else. When her boarders complained that there was not meat enough on the table, she would aver that too much meat was unwholesome, that she never eat any, and the doctors spoke against it. She took care to place the butter and bread so far from her boarders, that they could not reach it, and being obliged to ask, constantly, to be helped, they often got up from table hungry, sooner than to trouble those who sat at the other end of the table—i. e. Mrs. Saveall, and her daughter, Miss Catchall. She also put so much salt into her butter, that it was quite unpalatable, and when her boarders complained, she would say, 'You must not eat so much of it, and then you will not taste the salt.' Sometimes all the dishes would be empty, and Mrs. Saveall would, at that moment, be so much engaged in conversation, as not to perceive it, until her boarders were just ready to rise from table, when she would suddenly start up and say 'la suz! there is no bread here—won't you wait a moment, gentlemen, and I will send for some.'

They, of course, would not wish to sit down again, after they had once risen, and so she saved her victuals. This she practised constantly, without shame or remorse. Miss Catchall advised her mamma to raise the price of board, but the old lady said, 'a penny saved, was as good as a penny gained;' and that by raising on her price, she might lose her boarders. She, therefore, preferred the pinching method, for she said, economy was a virtue. For my part, I should have shifted my quarters, had they not been so excellent a place for observing character, and studying human nature. There was one boarder with us, named Mr. Prodigal. He suffered the least from the parsimony of the landlady, as he purchased extravagant suppers and dinners at restorateurs and other places. He never came into the house without bringing fruit with him of the choicest description, or some other present for the family, so that he was a great favorite with Miss Catchall; and, indeed, with all the inmates of the establishment, excepting a stout built, rough old fellow, by the name of John Blunt, who disliked his doings very much; and spoke his mind, on all occasions, like a privileged character. Nevertheless, Mr. Prodigal was a good natured fellow, and took no offence at any thing the other said. He would, indeed, sometimes answer the old cynic, with a repartee, that would turn the laugh against his antagonist, and even raise a smile upon the hard countenance of that sober personage himself. Mrs. Saveall's servants sometimes com-

plained that Mr. Prodigal put them to a great deal of trouble, by bringing them turkeys to dress, and fresh fish to clean. These choice morsels would be set on the table once, and Mrs. Saveall would save the remnants to be served up cold at the next meal, but they were never seen by any of us the second time.

One morning before I had arisen, I heard the voices of Mrs. Saveall and her daughter, very loud in the room below me, and on listening intently, made out the following discourse.

'Do you pretend to tell me that such doings will come to any good?' said the old woman—'why what a host he has invited! They will eat up every thing in the house!'

'Now, mamma, how foolish you talk!' replied Miss Catchall—'do you suppose that Mr. Prodigal would ask any body that was not respectable, and wont they invite us to their houses, in return. There is Mr. Lovegold, and Mrs. Lovegold, are the richest people in town, and they are coming, you know, and they will ask us to their pretty seat in the country, and I know Mrs. Lovegold will make me a present of one of her geraniums, and a flower pot to keep it in, and I shall ask her for one of her parrots, and—'

'Fiddlestick!' cried the old lady—'A bird in the hand, is worth two in the bush—you do n't consider that your parrot must be fed, and doctored when he is sick; and what will be the profit, after all, if you get a thousand such presents?'

'But, mamma, consider that we shall offend Mr. Prodigal, if we talk so about his company. Do you forget the diamonds and new dresses that he has bought me?'

'I should n't care so much about it,' said Mrs. Saveall, 'if that good for nothing Mrs. Tattle was not invited. You know, my dear, that she will carry off news enough when she goes hence, to entertain the neighborhood for three weeks with our domestic blemishes.'

I could hear no more, for the mother and daughter now conversed in a lower tone, and I could perceive they were arranging their plans for the reception of their visitors.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon, the boarders were all ushered into the great parlor to be in readiness to receive the expected company. I saw at a glance that the arrangements made for their reception, were on the most economical scale. The carpet, which usually covered the floor, had been rolled up and carried away, for fear that so many feet should spoil it. Although the weather was quite cool, very little fire shone in the grate, and the lamps stood conspicuously on the mantel, with the wick pulled down from a tube of each. Mrs. Saveall sat primly on one end of the coarse hair sofa, and her daughter, dressed out in all her finery, was chatting with Mr. Prodigal, whose person was nearly as magnificently decorated, as that of an Eastern prince. John Blunt's square person was posted exactly before what little fire there was, while the chimney piece and grate were undergoing a shower bath of tobacco juice, with which the cynic incessantly supplied them. But I was at a loss to imagine for whose benefit a large arm chair, cushioned and pillowed to

the very top, had been placed in one corner of the fire place. I finally concluded those preparations had been made for some infirm old lady, whom Prodigal had generously included in his cards of invitation. My curiosity was destined soon to be gratified; for I heard a bustle in the entry, accompanied with the sound of some one hobbling towards the door. Mrs. Saveall arose, and Mr. Prodigal advanced to receive the visitor. He was a man rather beyond the middle age, of a plethoric make, with a large double chin, and sallow complexion. There was an anxious, almost wild, expression in his large prominent eyes, and he moved as if in pain, while two persons who supported him, on each side, seemed to look up with something like awe, at the important personage whom they were thus helping to get along in the world. I perceived that the clothing of this man was made of the richest cloth, but yet there was a look of vulgarity about his whole person which forbade the opinion that he was a man of fashion. He was introduced as Mr. Hypo, and, after bowing haughtily to those assembled, he was placed in the easy chair which had been so carefully prepared for his reception.

'How is your health, Mr. Hypo,' inquired Mrs. Saveall, with great tenderness.

'Ah! I do n't know,'—responded the other, with a sepulchral yawn—'very poor, I believe. My limbs fail me. I have a ringing in my ears. My dreams are very annoying—I really do n't believe I shall stand it long. My appetite is all gone. My nerves are shattered. I think I am consumptive.'

'Consumptive!' cried John Blunt, staring full at the other's bloated visage.

'How distressing!' said Miss Catchall, 'Pray, why do n't you take medical advice?'

'And so I have,' said Hypo, in a querulous tone, 'I have spent hundreds of dollars to no purpose.'

'How expensive!' cried Mrs. Saveall.

'I wonder who is his doctor?' thought Miss Catchall.

'Why do n't you go to the springs, or try a sea voyage, my dear sir?' inquired Mr. Prodigal.

'Oh! I am too feeble to go on the water, returned Mr. Hypo, 'and a jaunt to the springs would surely kill me. When I ride a mile, I feel a dreadful choking in my throat, and a severe chill on the top of my head.'

At that moment Mr. Hypo had finished his sentence, the rustling of a silk gown was heard in the hall, and Mrs. Facing-both-ways entered; in a moment Miss Pleaseall, followed her into the parlor.

'Mrs. Facing-both-ways, Miss Pleaseall, your servant,' cried Prodigal, handing them to a seat.

'Mrs. Facing-both-ways, one half of you is very welcome,' muttered John Blunt, without offering to rise.

'Ah! ladies, you are alive yet,' drawled Mr. Hypo, 'excuse my chair—very sickly in your neighborhood, is it not?'

'Let me take your things, ladies,' said Miss Catchall, 'what a beautiful shawl, Miss Pleaseall, what did it cost you?'

'Fifty dollars!'

'Dreadful! what a price!' exclaimed Mrs. Saveall.

'I wish I had such a one,' said Miss Catchall, looking full at Prodigal.

'It puts me in mind of a winding sheet that I dreamed of last night,' squeaked Mr. Hypo.

'Pray, Mrs. Saveall,' cried Mrs. Facing-both-ways, 'have you invited that hateful Mrs. Tattle to the party?'

Mrs. Saveall shook her head, and pointed to Prodigal.

'Oh yes, I understand,' said the other, 'I wonder that a gentleman of Mr. Prodigal's standing should ask that old trouble-brooder to his party. I have a great mind to go home again, this instant!'

'Oh, my dear Mrs. Facing-both-ways, do n't mention such a thing—how could we get along at all, without your sweet society?' said Miss Pleaseall.

'Well, well, I'll stay to please my friends, although I shall take no comfort while that vixen is here,' replied Mrs. Facing-both-ways—'it was always my fault, that I could be persuaded by the accents of affection to do any thing.'

Again the door opened, and Mrs. Tattle was introduced.

'My dear, dear Mrs. Tattle, how glad I am to see you!' exclaimed Mrs. Facing-both-ways, bustling forward—'How charming you look this afternoon! See Mrs. Saveall what a bloom she—'

'Oh! ladies! ladies! not a word,' cried Mrs. Tattle, 'not a word till I have told you—who would believe it! who ever, in this civilized country,——'

'Merciful providence!' cried Miss Pleaseall, 'you do n't say! But what can it be?'

'Have the Miss Fitches been heard from?' cried Mrs. Saveall.

'Is any body dead?' gasped the trembling Mr. Hypo.

'No—no—no—you are all mistaken!' cried Mrs. Tattle, swelling with the importance of her oraculous mission. 'There is a young man come to town.'

'Is he rich?' cried Miss Catchall.

'Where will he put up?' asked Mrs. Saveall.

'Is he a physician?' inquired Mr. Hypo.

'Is he good at billiards?' asked Prodigal.

'Oh, I know nothing about those things,'—said Mrs. Tattle, 'but, would you believe it, he has come—that is he—they say he—it is expected soon to come out that he—yes, ladies, that he—this young man himself,——'

'Impossible!' cried Miss Pleaseall, 'but pray go on!'

'What is this world a-coming to!' exclaimed Mrs. Facing-both-ways.

'Oh! dear me!' cried Hypo, 'I will live no longer in a place where such dreadful things happen! Have you any salts, Mrs. Saveall?'

'But pray let us hear the rest,' implored Miss Catchall.

'Why they say that he—this young man——'

'Yes.'

'Yes.'

'Yes.'

'Is coming, without any invitation—to—to—to—'

'I am glad of it!' cried Miss Catchall.

'To spend the month,——'

'Oh! we can't board him so long,' cried Mrs. Saveall.

'To spend the month,' concluded Mrs. Tattle,

'with Mr. Bennington, who has the handsome daughter!'

'Hum!' ejaculated Miss Catchall.

'He must have a singular taste,' said Miss Pleaseall, quietly.

'So I think,' said Mrs. Facing-both-ways, 'if Miss Bennington possessed your amiable manners and—'

'Oh! you are so kind!' said Miss Pleaseall, looking down, very modestly.

Just then Mr. and Mrs. Lovegold stalked into the room. Mr. Prodigal saluted them with an air of high breeding. Mrs. Facing-both-ways almost sank into the earth when she made her courtesy, and Miss Pleaseall anticipated Prodigal in picking up the great lady's glove. Even Mr. Hypo jostled his chair farther into the corner, to make room for them, while Miss Catchall trained her lips to a precise pronunciation of dulcet sounds. 'What, Hypo, are you here?' said Mr. Lovegold.

'I am still in the body,' sighed he, 'but am sensible that I am passing away like a cloud in a windy day.'

'Nonsense!' said Lovegold, 'why do n't you take my advice, and go to work on your land, in the country. When you used to work for me, you were a hearty, high-spirited, jovial fellow, but since you drew that cursed prize in the lottery, and have lived in idleness on your money, you have become a burthen to yourself, and a bore to all your neighbors. Go to work, my dear man, and you will have no more wish to make a drug-shop of your stomach.'

Lovegold then turned to Prodigal, and began a conversation on politics, when the tongue of Mrs. Tattle, which had, for a moment, been checked by the pompous bearing of Lovegold, once more played like a mincing knife, to chop up the characters of her neighbors.

Mr. Alltrade next entered the apartment, with a young lady by the name of Miss Ann Maria Josephine Julianna Lucretia Angelina Clapp. Mr. Alltrade had a keen, hard, and worldly eye, and spoke with great deliberation. He had not been in the room more than five minutes, before he tried to exchange a washed seal for one of pure gold, worn by Prodigal. When Hypo told Alltrade the history of his bodily ailments, the latter offered to insure his life for one year. Miss Clapp was far from being a beauty, but all her conversation turned upon love and marriage.

'What do you think?' said Mrs. Tattle, 'they say that Miss Devoe is about being married to Mr. Thisleworth!'

'He will get a fortune, then,' said Miss Catchall—'that is certain.'

'Their hearts have long been linked in that ethereal sympathy which renders distance a nonentity,' said the refined Miss Clapp—'upon his noble brow there is a godlike air that breathes a soul capable of the most noble and sublime deeds. The gentle curve of his lip, when he smiles in scorn at meaner minds, is like the crest of the falling wave, which defies the tempest and the storm! I think it a match which has no unhallowed link in the golden chain. She is one of those beings who are too pure for this world.'

Kindness finds a reciprocal answer in her breast, and the tender dart of Love has pierced her heart with its subtle and insinuating point, while his noble soul glows with a kindred flame.'

'How beautifully expressed!' cried Mrs. Facing-both-ways, aloud, and then whispered to Miss Pleaseall, 'she got that out of some book.'

'Undoubtedly,' said Miss Pleaseall, 'I read those very words in the history of Robinson Crusoe.'

'Miss Pleaseall, do you admire poetry?' inquired Miss Clapp.

'Oh, certainly, I have seen some of yours, that I consider beautiful.'

'I do n't pretend to much of a gift,' said Miss Clapp, 'but I sometimes make doggerel.'

'O certainly,' said Miss Pleaseall, 'very good doggerel indeed.'

'I think that doggerel is seldom good poetry,' said Miss Clapp.

'Oh, very seldom indeed,' responded the other.

'Do you ever publish any of your poetry?' inquired Alltrade.

'Oh no,' sighed Miss Clapp, 'I believe I am one of those who are doomed to sing in the lap of obscurity, and warble my strains in the firmament of neglect, "wasting my sweetness on the desert air."'

'Well, ma'am,' said Alltrade, 'if you will let me have a volume of your poems, I will sell them for you, if you will pay me a good commission.'

'I should certainly like to tread the high paths of fame, and float upon the high road to eminence,' returned Miss Clapp, 'but why will you insist on drawing me from the ambrosial shades of private retirement, to be stunned and confounded by the tramp of fame? Persons of delicate sensibility were not made to endure the gaze of an applauding world!'

'Oh you must not be too modest when you see a good bargain in prospect,' said Alltrade, 'Sir Walter Scott has made an immense sum by his writings.'

'Oh, mention not that incomparable genius in the presence of such persons as make up this party!' cried she, 'name not that sweet Swan of Avon excepting where the high vaulted roofs resound with the songs of transported souls, intoxicated with the rills of unspeakable delight.'

'Why not name the swan of Avon in the presence of the goose of Varyville?' muttered John Blunt. Prodigal smiled at her error in attributing the title of another to her favorite author, and said, 'I beg pardon, Miss Clapp, but I trust you mistake, when you attribute a want of taste to all the persons who compose this assembly. I, for one, am an admirer of genius, and have sometimes scribbled myself.'

'Is it indeed so?' cried Miss Clapp, 'and have I so long remained unacquainted with you! But I might have known—that noble form, that polished forehead, those speaking eyes, those silken locks, the gentle insinuating accents that fall from your lips, all go to confirm your statement. I hail you as a kindred spirit, my heart's fellow and companion! This bursting and enthusiastic soul could tell a tale of pining oblivion, scalding tears, anguished neglect, and the cold frowns of the world, that have bowed my towering genius into the dust of regret. But it is all over if I have found one congenial spirit who can re-

ciprocate the burning affections of my serene and extatic heart! Oh! glorious evening, when my soul can pour out itself into thine, and reap the bliss of an interchange of choice and devoted sentiments—

Here Miss Clapp was interrupted in her poetic frenzy, by Mrs. Saveall, who saw her as she flourished her arms, in the moment of her ecstasy, knock a hole through one of the paper window curtains.

'Oh! Miss Clapp! what have you done? Those curtains cost me a shilling a yard, and you are tearing it to pieces. It is not now worth a sixpence!'

'I'll give you a sixpence for it—money down,'—cried Alltrade, pulling out a handful of change.

'Poh, poh, I'll buy you a whole set,' said Prodigal.

'Sir—Sir,'—stammered Alltrade, 'is it considered gentlemanly, where you belong, to interfere in a bargain?'

'Oh Heavens!' cried the poetess, 'now do I hear the preparation of war between these two gentlemen! I hear the clashing of their transparent swords; I see their helmets cleft asunder, and I behold them rolling in the dust while blood gushes from every pore!'

'Not so, I trust, Miss Clapp,' said Prodigal—'I fear your ears and eyes will not be regaled with so desirable a feast. Here is my hand, Alltrade, I could not believe you serious in offering to buy that old piece of painted paper, but I leave you to make your bargain.'

Alltrade cordially took the hand of Prodigal, when the latter retired to a distant part of the room, and the former traded with Mrs. Saveall.

'Your beau seems to have deserted you,' said Miss Tattle to the enthusiast.

'It will be but momentary,' returned Miss Clapp, 'he is too noble a soul to be false to his vows. He has not a false and fickle heart, like the creatures of this world. Oh no, he will be constant to his adored kindred soul.'

'Vows—constant!' said Miss Catchall, 'were you then previously acquainted with each other?'

'Oh no,' returned the other—'Kindred souls know each other at a glance!'

'But,' said Miss Catchall, 'you spoke of vows and constancy. I heard no engagement on his part.'

'You did not?' cried the poetess, 'then you know not how to interpret his words. Surely he signified that his affections were irrevocably placed upon me.'

'I fear you will be disappointed,' said Miss Catchall.

'Name it not,' replied she, 'unless you wish to deprive me of every solace in this cold and unfeeling world. Were he to prove false, I would, like Lady Jane Grey, put an asp in my bosom and die.'

While this conversation was passing, the attention of the company was occasionally arrested by an earnest conversation carried on between Mr. Lovegold and a young man who had entered the room almost unnoticed, to hold a private conversation with that gentleman. The two whisperers stood at the corner of the mantelpiece. Mr. Lovegold was leaning on his hand, with his elbow resting against the wall, and as a strong light fell upon his countenance, it was

observed to be extremely agitated. The whispering became louder and more earnest—the countenance of Lovegold was wrought up in such manner, as denoted that the most powerful emotions agitated his breast, until, at length, he stamped violently on the hearth, and exclaimed, 'If what you say be true, I am a ruined man!' Every eye was now turned towards him, and every voice was hushed in anxious silence. In a moment, the door opened, and a stranger entered.

'It is the young gentleman that I mentioned, who had just arrived in town!' cried Mrs. Tattle to those around her.

The young man just nodded as he entered, and his eyes wandered around the room as if in search of some one present. Miss Clapp thought she observed her hero to shrink behind several gentlemen who were examining a print that hung against the wall.

'I have intruded rather unceremoniously,' said the stranger, 'but I desire to be informed whether there is a young man present, by the name of Frederick Prodigal?'

'Yes sir,' said the unsuspecting Mrs. Saveall, and immediately pointed him out.

The stranger advanced to Prodigal, and gently tapping him on the shoulder told him he was his prisoner; at the same time showing his warrant.

Mr. Lovegold was soon recognized by the officer, who said to him,—

'Here, sir, is the man who presented a draft to your banker, and obtained an enormous amount of your money, which, it appears, he has squandered in the most profligate manner.'

'Insidious serpent!' exclaimed the ruined man, addressing Prodigal, 'is it you whom I have fed at my table, and who has so often been honored by my attentions. Is it you who have brought destruction on my house!' and he flew into a paroxysm of rage which threatened to overwhelm his reason.

'Then I am ruined, too,' cried Mr. Hypo, 'for Mr. Lovegold had my money in his hands! Oh dear! what will become of me, I can employ no more doctors, now, for my money is gone!'

'Now,' said Miss Catchall, 'I shall get no more presents from poor Mr. Prodigal.'

'I hope,' cried her terrified mother, 'that they will not take away what he has already given us!'

At this time, Mr. Alltrade was observed examining a piece of paper very attentively by the light of one of the lamps on the mantel. He looked repeatedly at Mr. Prodigal, during his scrutiny, and, at length said, 'I have been bit this time. I bought this draft yesterday of Prodigal, at a large discount, and no doubt it is a forgery!' And so it proved; the loss of Mr. Alltrade was considerable, and it cured him of his propensity to make 'capital bargains,' at the expense of others. He became a just and conscientious man.

Prodigal was immediately conveyed to prison, and Miss Clapp, having discovered that her infallible marks of a noble and generous spirit, did not convince the jury of her hero's innocence, became sensible of her folly, and, renouncing the silly notions which an unsound imagination had engendered, proved an honest, sensible, and amiable woman. She

married a man of talents and principle, and he never has had reason to be ashamed of his choice.

When Prodigal was carried off, and Mrs. Saveall looked around for her boarders, she discovered they were all gone. In the morning, however, they returned to settle with her, announcing that they had shifted their quarters, for fear of being starved to death at her table. She took it very much to heart. She reformed her plan, and I undertook to assist her in procuring new boarders. Her table was now plentifully supplied, and she became popular. When I left her, she was in a thriving way, and her daughter had become very cautious how she received presents from unknown lodgers.

Mrs. Tattle, who was present when Prodigal was carried off, had made herself very busy in spreading the intelligence, and making such additions as would be likely to interest her auditors. The consequence of her deviations from the path of truth, was, that she was called upon to answer to a charge of defamation of character. She was terribly frightened, and only escaped punishment by making a very humbling apology. This opened her eyes to the error of her ways, and she became perfectly reformed. She died a few months since, regretted by all who knew her.

Mrs. Facing-both-ways, who had always treated the Lovegolds with the most servile reverence, while they were in the height of their prosperity, suddenly joined with their enemies, after their fall, and never failed to insult them by the most revolting exhibitions of disdain and contumely whenever chance threw them in their way. Her husband died, and his accounts being in a very confused state, there was but a slender pittance left for her to subsist upon. In a few months, a rich old widower commenced paying his devoirs to her. She gave him all the encouragement she could; but another lover—a rich old bachelor—also presented himself. Mrs. Facing-both-ways was determined to have one of them, and thought best to encourage both, so that if one of them discontinued his visits, the other might be made sure of. She thought that two chances were better than one.

Unfortunately for her, it so fell out that one evening when the old bachelor paid his visit, he discovered the widower seated very composedly in the arm chair. He immediately suspected the true state of the case, and, in the presence of his rival, demanded an explanation of Mrs. Facing-both-ways. She defended herself in the best manner she was able, while the astonished widower had the pleasure of hearing the other swain recapitulate all the tender things and fine promises which the lady in question had honored him with. He, in turn, became enraged, and told his tale of love. The two wooers found they were mutual sufferers, and, with strong expressions of contempt for the faithless cause of their disappointment, took their everlasting departure from her domicile. The subsequent days of Mrs. Facing-both-ways were spent in the poor house, where she had leisure to learn to look steadily in one direction, and she did. She looked, with a single eye, to her Savior, in whose promises she found solid comfort and consolation through the cold and dreary winter of her age, and at the hour of death.

As for poor Hypo, he found himself in a state of comparative poverty, for he had let his money, on interest, to Mr. Lovegold, and that gentleman's failure had deprived him of the means of living in idleness. He endeavored for a time to live without work, and take medicine for his health. But, at length, he found he must contrive some means to gain a livelihood. He went to work at farming, and the consequence was, that he became restored to soundness of body and mind. In a few years, he owned a snug little cottage, and enjoyed more happiness as a laboring peasant, than he ever did when lounging in ease, and feasting himself with luxuries.

Miss Pleaseall, whose principal fault was a want of steadiness, which led her to praise every body and every thing, found that her endeavors to gain the favor of the Lovegolds had been completely thrown away, and that however prosperous a man may be to-day, the blight of misfortune may wither his prospects to-morrow. She began to think that a strenuous endeavor to be every thing to all men, for the sake of worldly advantages, was a trifling business, unworthy of rational beings, whose admiration should rather be attracted by the imperishable riches of virtue and godliness. She turned her attention to higher objects, and, in good time, engaged the affections of a worthy youth, in every respect suitable for her companion. Now, instead of endeavoring to please all, she only aims to please her husband.

The fault of the Lovegolds, in the time of their prosperity, was, a spirit of overbearing, and a haughty contempt for those who had been less fortunate in the accumulation of wealth, than themselves. By the villainy of Prodigal, they were reduced to poverty. Mr. Lovegold struggled several years with misfortune, during which time, he was under serious obligations to those persons whom, in the days of his prosperity, he and his family had considered unworthy of their notice. He became convinced that true nobleness of heart was confined to no situation in life, and that the boasted advantages of wealth, gave no man authority to trample upon his less opulent neighbor. But Mr. Lovegold was in the vigor of manhood, and well acquainted with business. His friends knew that his misfortunes were not attributable to any remissness of his own, and they were perfectly willing to place the most unlimited confidence in his word. He accordingly rose by degrees, and, in less than five years after his fall, was enabled to take possession again of his splendid houses, and was the same opulent, but now modest and unassuming man.

Poor Prodigal had always been a thoughtless youth. His imprisonment operated beneficially on his mind, and he was pardoned in one year after his incarceration. He lived and died an honest man.

In his last hours, he called together his children, for he was blessed with two sons and three daughters, and gave them this advice—'be honest, industrious, and prudent, and fear not; for God will prosper and bless you.' After uttering this language, he fell quietly to sleep in death, in the full hope of a coming immortality.

NATHAN.

THE SLANDERER.

Original.

I KNEW a man once, whose sole aim in living seemed to be to poison the well of joy in every bosom; to sow distrust in every confiding heart; and wither, with his blighting breath, every rose that bloomed in this vale of tears. What could be his object, no one knew; it was sufficient for him that he transformed harmony into discord, and stirred up the evil passions in the most gentle bosoms. He seemed to shun the eyes of all men; he looked not in the faces of his fellows with that open confidence that arises from a sense of innocence, a sentiment of good will to mankind. His brow was always contracted with the wrinkles of thought—the study of mischief gave to his eyes the expression of a demon. His face was long and narrow, and his thin, malicious lips, were pale, and twisted like a serpent. There were two young people in town, whose hearts were pure and unsuspecting. They had vowed to each other eternal constancy. There was not a stain on the character of either. The youth was a person of unsullied honor, of incorruptible integrity. She was an artless and unassuming maiden, in whose large blue eyes, the kindness of an angel shone. She was her widowed father's only hope; he, the main dependance of a widowed mother. The slanderer looked upon the hopeful pair; he saw they were happy in the anticipation of that union which Death alone can dissolve. He, himself, was not happy, for the wicked never are so. The gall of bitterness which he cherished in his own heart prevented that peace of mind which is the inheritance of the good and amiable. He could not endure that the graceful couple should be happier than himself. He began by insinuating himself into the confidence of the maiden's father. That he was soon able to do, as he made great professions of religion, and always had a very sanctimonious countenance. He soon made the unsuspecting old man believe that his intended son-in-law was unworthy his daughter's hand. The youth was thunder-struck when the father of his loved one forbade him the house. He knew not the cause. He could not even guess at it. But the maiden pined day by day—her nights were seasons of sorrow and mourning, and the color fled from her once beautiful cheek.

The slanderer looked calmly on and beheld the mischief he had wrought. He gloated on the ruin that he had made of one of the most innocent and lovely of God's creatures! The maiden was brought down to the gates of death. The slanderer relented not, but impudently justified the course he had pursued; when, behold! the father of the suffering girl, accidentally discovered the falsehood of the accuser. He flew to the discarded youth, and owned that he had been too hasty in denying him admittance to his daughter. He besought him to forget what had passed, and to come to his house, and save his despairing child from death. But it was too late. The stamina of her constitution had been broken, and the Angel of Death was already in the sick chamber.

'Live for me, my poor injured Clara,' cried the

heart-stricken youth—'We must not part. Your father has seen his error, and has sent me to you.'

'Alas! my Charles,' answered the dying girl in a faint tone—the arrow of the destroyer has sped, and nature reels beneath the shock. I must die. My Charles is restored. This is all I can wish for. Farewell, farewell—I die happy—we shall meet in a better world, where no slanderer shall part us. Where sorrow will be known no more. The distracted youth kissed her cold lips; he gazed upon her eyes as they became fixed in their sockets; he rushed wildly from her presence—and in solitude spent the remnant of his days, refusing to be comforted, because she was not.

But the slanderer 'wiped his mouth, and said, I have done no evil.' For nothing can touch the heart of a slanderer. He is dead to sympathy, though full of trouble and fear.

This heartless wretch next fixed his malignant eyes upon a young man who was just commencing business, and whose virtues were the theme of all who knew him. The slanderer began to circulate injurious reports concerning him. They were too hastily believed, and the youth was astonished at finding the persons of whom he had been in the habit of purchasing his goods, afraid to trust him. He knew not of the canker-worm that was gnawing secretly at the root of his prosperity. At length his customers began to fall away; his intimate acquaintances shunned him in the streets. In a few months he was obliged to shut up his shop. Penury laid its cold hand upon his heart. He found himself a shunned and solitary being. Despair took possession of his soul. He flew to the tavern to drown his poignant anguish. The little property he had remaining, melted away. He became an outcast from society. He wandered up and down the world, begging his bread. He was covered with rags. His face bore the marks of many a drunken fray. None recognized in him, the promising youth that he once was. He died; he died forlorn—in the extremity of misery he died by the way-side—the victim of slander! The demon who had brought about this tragical issue still carried a high head, talked of religion, and was respected by the misguided world. But the long-delayed hour of retribution came. A foreigner entered the town, and commenced business in the same shop from which the ruined youth had been driven. The slanderer immediately commenced spreading false reports respecting him.

On a chill evening in November, the mischief-maker was sitting in his apartment, brooding over his own malignant plans, when a stranger entered, and asked a few moments' private conference with him. The slanderer arose and walked with his visitor to a neighboring wood. The stranger threw off his cloak, raised his hat, and the guilty wretch started at perceiving himself alone, in an unfrequented place, with the foreigner. The latter drew forth a dagger, charged the trembling miscreant with his baseness, and plunged it to the slanderer's heart. The impure spirit fled in agony; and the murderer surrendered himself to justice, confessing the deed, and was executed. T.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Original.

'This do in remembrance of me.'—Luke 22. 19.

THESE words came from the lips of our ever-blessed Redeemer, and were pronounced by him at the instituting of what is commonly designated the Eucharist, or Lord's Supper. They embrace a simple, and affectionate request which all his followers should obey.

One object in selecting these words is, simply to speak of the nature and design of the ordinance to which they allude—illustrate its importance—the advantages naturally resulting from a right observance of it, and the propriety of every one's celebrating it, who loves the Lord Jesus in sincerity.

We would most earnestly solicit the attention of every mind—plead that every one will treasure up our remarks in the store house of memory—think of, and meditate on them; and God grant that the quickening energy of true christian love may so work in the heart, as to cause many to be ready, with a willing mind, and rightly disposed heart, to comply with the dying request of our now ascended Lord. And ever bear with them a remembrance of his excellences, as shall lead them at all times to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith they are called; striving after the same mind as was in Christ Jesus, the bright, peerless, and perfect exemplar of our race.

There never was an ordinance more clear and simple, as to its nature and design, than that of the Eucharist. None has ever been more corrupted, mystified, and perverted than this same ordinance. Men, in their wisdom, have thought that in order to render it more awful and majestic, it had need of many ornaments, and to have it more respected, and create more awe in the breasts of the communicants, it was thought best to wrap it in mystery. And what was once amiable simplicity, is now, unto too many, the most incomprehensible of all mysteries; and what was suited to unite mankind in a social compact, serves as partition walls to separate them.—The general festival of love, is too oft lost sight of.

It would, perhaps, be as useless, as it would be sorrowful, to relate the different corruptions of this ordinance; but the recital, however, would show us the lamentable weakness of human nature, and how truly, 'the wisdom of man is foolishness with God,' when it is directed to the enlargement and improvement of things of holy writ. And perhaps there could not be given a better illustration of the wanderings of faith into labyrinths of absurdities, when it leaves gospel simplicity, than a history of these corruptions would furnish; and they would teach us in an emphatic manner that we must go to the fountain head, if we would know the true qualities of the waters, and if we would know the true nature and design of any professedly christian ordinance, let us go to the scriptures themselves, let us there read, search and learn.

But it will serve our purpose at this time to simply state, that the nature and design of the Eucharist is purely commemorative. We design to show its utility, rather than its history. What is offered to our senses in the observance, is nought but bread, and

wine; and what, under these tokens, it exhibits to the mind, can very easily be comprehended. 'This do in remembrance of me.'

The great and mighty work which Christ came to do, the purpose he was to furnish means to accomplish, was to banish from the world ignorance, superstition, and sin. He came among a corrupted people, taught a doctrine, the tendency of which was to banish vice and misery; to lead the recipients from evil to good—from sin to holiness—from wretchedness to true, lasting enjoyment. He taught a religion which, when seen with the eye of candor in its native beauty and dignity, must command the admiration, love and obedience of man. But notwithstanding its purity and loveliness, the divine excellence of its teacher, and the moral fitness of his requirements, the prejudices, passions, and vices of a benighted nation, a nation wrapped in moral darkness—strove to crush it in its infancy, and murdered its revelator—the Lord of glory.

Ere the storm burst on his devoted head, with prophetic eye, Jesus saw its approach. If in his breast there reigned one selfish passion, it would have prompted him to retire from the scene: but such a movement would have been fatal to the establishment of his religion. Had he shrank from danger, he would have been branded as an impostor, and his followers would have fled from his banner; for when the commander shrinks from battle—when menaces intimidate him, the courage of the soldiers forsakes them.

When the sinless saw this state of things—when he saw that by the sacrifice of himself, he should triumph over unbelief—set an immovable seal upon his religion, attesting its divine character—fulfil all that was written concerning him, as to his career on earth—finish the work he came to do, and become triumphant over sin, death and the grave. When he saw such glorious consequences attending his death, he shrank not from the terrors that arrayed themselves before him—the agonizing death of the cross he was ready to meet, and bowed himself to the Father's will.

When the time of fearfulness was near at hand, he resolved to meet alone with his chosen ones; warn them of his departure, of the trials they would have to encounter, and to counsel them in the way of duty; to enjoin upon them the necessity of mutual forbearance, of humility and love, and institute an ordinance, the observance of which would serve to remind them of his counsel, his death, and their duty.

The feast of the Jewish passover was nigh. Jesus resolved to celebrate it with his disciples, and did so; changed it from its national character, into a spiritual commemoration of himself. That the festival which Christ established was an imitation of the Jewish passover seems evident, and establishes the truth of its being purely commemorative in its character.

The passover recalled to mind, among the Jews, the miraculous deliverance from Egyptian bondage; as says Moses—'When your children shall ask you what means this ceremony, you shall tell them, that it is the passover of the Lord, when he smote Egypt.' Similar is the nature and design of the Eucharist.—Simple and unostentatious as the ceremony is, it

brings to mind a throng of tender and awful associations. We cannot celebrate it without having brought before our mind's eye, visions the most affecting, instructive and sublime. It recalls the last sad feast of the Savior with his disciples; the many touching and instructive incidents that there occurred; the betrayal—the mock trial—the crucifixion—the pierced side—the flowing blood, and the burial; all, all arise in glowing colors; all, ay, and more, throng before fancy's eye.

No mystic charm—no miraculous power, belongs to this ceremony; it is purely commemorative of the life and death of the Son of God. 'This do in remembrance of me.' This will serve to recall my history to your minds, awaken your zeal, animate your hearts, strengthen your good resolutions, and enliven your love. The Apostles and primitive christians celebrated it, and we in humble imitation should do the same.

The importance of this rite must be, we think, evident to every reflecting mind. None will deny, that to keep an ever present consciousness of the beauty and excellence of Christ's character; of the truth of his religion, and the fitness to promote happiness of his requirements, must indeed be beneficial; must enliven our love, increase our faith, and strengthen our resolutions to adorn our profession of his truth. The celebration of the ordinance instituted by our Lord, serves greatly to enliven this desirable consciousness; it brings before our mind's eye, more vivid than at any other time, the whole career of Christ; we trace his history from the time the bright star brought wise men as worshippers of the lowly babe, to the most glorious hour, when he ascended on high, leading captivity captive.

At such times, our first thoughts would be directed to the last festival of the Savior with his disciples; and the rich lessons then taught by him, come with all their native force of instruction to us.

We see the disciples entering the appointed place. They are about seating themselves around the social board, but ah! contention is in their midst! The historian, Luke, tells us—'There was also a strife among them, which of them should be accounted greatest.' Jesus rebuked this unhallowed spirit of rivalry, and intimated to them, that a distinguished place, was no indication of distinguished worth, and that even he himself had been as a servant amongst them. Can we remember this incident, and not be profited? As also the unexampled instance of humility that Jesus gave at the same time, when he bathed the feet of his chosen ones; and how deeply must that act of our Lord have sunk into the hearts of those, who, a few moments before, were engaged in strife for the precedence! Long must there have remained on the tablet of memory, a fresh impression of that lesson of humility and love.

Again. There is rich instruction in the case of Judas. How kindly did our Savior act toward him, even while he read the treachery that was in his heart. And in the instance of Judas' leaving the room, about the middle of the feast, we see how guilt shrinks from the light, and from the society of honest men. The benevolence, love, and excellence, that shone in the face of his Master, was too fair a

sight for the eyes of the treacherous Judas. Mournful is the truth, that even those who eat and drink at the same board, will sometimes foster treachery against the one that feeds them. O, if in the wide world there is a monster that should be marked bolder than Cain, with infamy, it is the domestic serpent—the home bred reptile that feasts on the price of innocent blood. May God's own right arm defend us, that no Judases may creep into our homes, or in our midst at the table of our Lord.

When Jesus had given them the bread and wine—gone through the simple, yet solemn ceremony, he spake the words of our text—'THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.'

How eloquent are those accents! How much is embraced in those few words—'in remembrance of me.' Who can read them without giving them an affectionate tone, and feeling an emotion that arises from the holiest affection of the heart? They embrace the same sentiment as the charge of love—'Remember me!'

How many holy associations do those simple words bring! They come from the home of infancy, from far off friends, from the dark grave, and from the blest spirits' land. The memory of the past is one long—'remember me!' Every passing vision breathes those words; they are few, and eloquent.

'Remember me! how few—how strong—
Those touching words, that little spell!
What thoughts uprise, what visions throng
In wakened fancy's holiest cell!'

They never loved—they friendship never knew that can remain untouched by the melting cadence of that tone, remember me! A thousand visions of the dreamy past, are awakened by the magic spell.

But to return. Imagine that consumption had laid its withering hand on one whom you fondly loved.—The word had gone forth, that he must die. Of his approaching dissolution, he himself becomes aware; he is convinced that few are his remaining hours, and he resolves to acquaint his friends of the fact; counsel them, and direct them to the Comforter. To this end he assembles them together—you are among them.

Your friend seats you and the others around him. Those lips that never spake ought but kindness—that voice that ever breathed love, and rich counsel, now tells you that the parting hour has come, and earth cannot be but a short time more his home. You look on his features—conviction of the truth of his words, rushes on your mind—you look on him as one soon to die. And O! 't is a sorrowful sight, to gaze on the loved and valued, marked soon for the tomb—to behold sinking, as it were, before our eyes into the tomb, a kindred spirit, who met us first, when we were burning and thirsting after such an object for our love. That object we called our own, revelled in delights, and blest communion; when the most secret chord of our hearts was touched, found a responsive answer in that other's breast; and we became so knit together, that every feeling, sentiment, and affection, were alike in either breast; and our eyes looked with the same vision on the same picture of life. To see such an one dying—the fair fabric of all our earthly hopes and happiness tottering, and

decaying, is mournful; religion alone keeps out despair.

But hark to the feeble voice, and trembling tone. The words of rich counsel flow from the dying—the loved one speaks yet farther. Visit my tomb at times, and perhaps the sods that cover me may recall my words to your memory, and strengthen you in your resolutions to follow my advice—love one another—‘this do in remembrance of me.’

Would we fail to obey that request? Mockery, were our professions of love toward him if we did. And could a compliance be otherwise than beneficial? No, it could not be. At such times his parting advice would come fresh to our minds, as though written with a sunbeam on the broad arch of heaven, and it would seem as though the invisible spirit of the departed was hovering near, and the fancied voice of love would breathe in our ear—‘Remember me.’

This similitude, to the case of our Lord, we need not carry fully out; the resemblance will be seen, and we hope felt. Jesus was conscious of his approaching hour of death, and assembled his chosen ones, saying;—‘With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer.’—then gave them advice—comforted them, and instituted a rite in commemoration of himself, saying—‘This do in remembrance of me.’

And shall we not heed this request? We who profess to love his adorable Father—him, his doctrine, and its most glorious hopes—shall we neglect this? God forbid. And the obedience would be a means of awakening our love—reminding us of his counsels, and strengthen us in our resolves to obey them.

We are all forgetful creatures; we need something to arouse us from the moral sleep in which we too often indulge. The Eucharist is suited to effect this. Futile is the objection some bring against it—that it is no more effectual than the usual services of the sanctuary, towards promoting this end. Do we not think more of our departed friends when we are assembled at the annual festival—on the venerated day of Thanksgiving? Is not memory then busy in recalling those who were once with us, who are forgotten amid the activity of other days?

Does not the return of the day of Independence recall to mind, more vividly than at other times, the name of Washington—his worthy associates, and the fearfully trying scenes through which they passed; to bring salvation from tyranny and oppression to beloved Columbia? And will not the observance of the Eucharist bring more vividly to mind, than at other times, the name of Christ, his apostles, and the fearfully trying scenes they passed through, to bring salvation from ignorance, superstition, and sin, unto an oppressed and degraded world? The result will be alike effectual in the one case, as in the other.

The return of the day of Independence causes a mighty crowd of elevated and glorious thoughts to rush into the mind of the patriot. He looks back on the dark days, when the iron heel of oppression, and the crushing weight of tyranny, was on the genius of our country, and her every hope was chained to the throne of a despotic prince.

He contrasts her situation now, with what it was THEN, and while his affections rise in exulting gratitude to God, he pays a tribute to the memory of those who were instrumental in effecting the glorious change. So with the christian. When he comes to the communion, he contrasts the condition of the intellectual and moral world now, with what it was ere our Savior came; and while he praises God as the source of all good, he pays an humble tribute to him who was given as a witness, leader, and commander; the captain of our salvation—the model of perfection—the example for imitation.

Let not the simplicity of the ceremony be deemed derogatory to the dignity of the subject. In scripture, simplicity is the truest sublimity. And let us think for a moment on how small, how tiny a memorial, saves a beloved one from forgetfulness. The portrait of a departed friend is a powerful spell to call up a thousand fond remembrances—cause us to live over a life of gladness, and again to admire and enjoy the beloved traits of their characters.

Small is the memento that is needed to bring fresh to mind the history of a departed one—even a braid of hair encircled by an amulet, tells the story of the loved and gone. That ringlet that once shaded the sunshine of a fair brow seems spiritual, and its glossiness speaks of the smile that once welcomed our approach, and the happiness of those bright hours. 'T is an emblem of herself, and recalls her history in the still silence of inspired thought.

The emblems which Jesus gave of his body and blood, are powerful enough to recall vividly his life and death to every mind that receives him—to every heart that loves him in sincerity. To others, they are no more significant, than would be a portrait of a beloved friend, to an utter stranger.

The advantages resulting from the observance of this ordinance, flow from the high exercise of the noblest affections of our natures, which the occasion naturally awakens. There cannot be aught better suited to inspire the heart with the pure sentiments of devotion, than is the celebration of this rite, hallowed and consecrated to the memory of God's own beloved.

We cannot assemble around the table of our common Lord and Master, without being inspired with the most benevolent dispositions toward our fellow men. We there recall the many instances of insult, mockery, abuse, and persecution, which Christ endured in meekness; and our hearts will condemn us if we do not throw away every feeling of enmity that we may cherish at the time toward any of our fellow creatures. Matt. v. 24, 25.

Before our view comes in bold characters, the death of our glorified Master. We see him bearing his cross to Mount Calvary; the blood streaming over his features from the cruel crown of thorns; nailed to the tree; yet, forgetful of his own agony, he comforts his mother, and gives her in charge to the beloved John, and then sending up to heaven a prayer for his murderers, mingled with compassionate apologies for their conduct. Surely we cannot celebrate the dying love of such a char-

acter, and go away without having our affection toward the Savior enlivened—our compassion toward the erring enlarged—our willingness to forgive injuries more ready—our faith in his holy religion increased—our resolutions to rightly adorn our profession strengthened, and the whole man made better.

And when we remember how much we owe the Redeemer—how essential to our peace and happiness are the hopes he has inspired in us—how full the evidence of their realization is—how fitted to secure our present enjoyment, are the moral requirements of his religion—how apt we are to backslide from our faith—how necessary excitements to duty are, and how forgetful of the obligations we owe to God, and our fellow men, we too often are. When we remember all these, surely there are arguments enough to induce us to comply with our Savior's affectionate request;—'This do in remembrance of me.' Friends of the Lord Jesus! think on these things, and may the spirit of truth and love, influence your hearts, and guide you into all good.

H. B.

East Cambridge, Mass.

THE UNFORTUNATE.

Original.

SORROW is the lot of all. Every one may expect tribulation. And those who think to pass on through the world without encountering affliction in some one of its multiplied forms, will find themselves greatly mistaken. No one need borrow trouble; but all should be prepared for the worst, and resolve on taking the unavoids without repining.

But some there are, who seem to be the very sport of fortune. Every thing they undertake, seems to terminate against them. They engage in business—a failure follows. They get married—but an unpleasant companion is the consequence, or sickness and death spread ruin on all around. They attempt to enjoy life, and to this end they mingle with the giddy throng; but here accidents befall them; and what is to others the fount of recreation and innocent amusement, turns out, with regard to them, to be a prolific source of pain and infelicity.

Such was precisely the fate of a young man of my acquaintance. I knew him in early life. He was my school mate. And while engaged in obtaining a knowledge of the first rudiments of an education, he was singularly unfortunate. One day, while entering the school room, the shutter fell down, directly on his head, and being glass it was broken by the fall; he was badly cut in the face, and consequently covered with blood. Either by falling, or being run over, and running against a post, or the corner of a house, or somebody in the street, and by them knocked down, he was kept in a state of continued soreness, and was an object upon which pity could always feast.

At the age of fourteen, he left school, and attempted to learn a trade. He chose the occupation of housewright. At this he continued to work as an apprentice for two years. But his master informed

me, that he was always meeting with accidents. He would cut himself with the tools—fall from the staging and ladders, and encounter difficulties of a similar nature, almost without number. His career was closed in this business, by an accident. He fell from the roof of a building, and by the fall, both legs and one of his arms were broken. He was carried to his father's house, and medical and surgical aid were procured, and after a year's confinement, he was enabled to walk, though he never regained the perfect use of his limbs. His parents were not wealthy. They could not maintain him in idleness. Something must be done for his support. Friends were consulted, and it was deemed advisable to establish him in business. The man who had long kept shop in the neighborhood, was desirous of selling out the establishment, and quitting the business. The friends of the unfortunate youth purchased the goods, and hired the store for him. He forthwith took his stand behind the counter, and for a short season, realized the most sanguine expectations of his friends.

He looked upon his young acquaintances; they were getting married. They appeared to be happy. He was lonely, and thought it would be for his advantage to have a companion, to whom he could go for sympathy, when afflictions came upon him. This he communicated to his friends. They opposed his plans, and continued their opposition in despite of his prayers and tears. On getting married, he was resolved. Come life or death he would be married. And there was no such thing as diverting him from this purpose. You may as well attempt to stop the flowing of the Ganges, as to overcome a purpose of this nature, when once it becomes firmly rooted in the mind. I have seen young people of both sexes, who could be dissuaded from any other purpose, who were as firm and immovable in their intentions to get married, as the everlasting hills. They could be terrified, and made to desist from carrying their resolution into practice. But to make them abandon this intention was utterly impossible.

The unfortunate was married. But this was only the beginning of sorrow. He was as unfortunate in his choice of a wife, as he had been in every thing else. He soon found that he had one to please besides himself; and this was no small matter. There did not exist between himself and wife, that oneness of opinion, and that mutual forbearance, which are inseparably connected with domestic happiness.—Each resolved on holding the reins of government. In vain did their friends interpose. And though it was acknowledged, that the wife was the most to be blamed, yet, no one excused him from censure.

After living together in one continual broil and litigation for twelve long months, it was thought best to separate. A mutual separation took place. And this was the only thing in which they had agreed, since the day of their marriage.

In the midst of all this trouble, a new store was opened directly opposite his own. The owner was a courteous, pleasant and generous man. He strove to meet the wishes of his customers. He prospered. He attended to his business personally, and did not trust too much to menials. He soon succeeded in drawing the customers of the unfortunate young man

away, and very soon he was obliged to shut up his shop, and seek for other business. All pitied, but none could remedy the evil.

He went into the country, and engaged with a farmer to cultivate the soil; but finding his strength insufficient for the labor, he left the employment, and became a miller.

In this new occupation, success attended him for a season. But adversity came. One day, while in the act of picking the mill-stone, the tackling, by which it was suspended, gave way; the stone came down upon his hand, and being of enormous size, it jammed it to pumice. Amputation was indispensable. A long and tedious confinement followed. He at length recovered, but was unable to follow the business he was last engaged in, being incapacitated by his misfortune.

Feeble in health, worn down and disheartened by misfortunes, he knew not what to do. At this time, his uncle returned from Europe, and having compassion on his nephew, generously offered him a passage to London, whither he was going as soon as his vessel could discharge her cargo, and receive on board a new freight, which was all in readiness.

The unfortunate gladly accepted the offer. He superintended the business of unloading and reloading the vessel. The day for sailing at length arrived. His friends came down to see him safely underway. He took them individually by the hand, bid them farewell, and was going on board the packet, when a team drove down to the wharf. The horses were fractious. They ran back. The wheel of the cart came in contact with the temporary bridge which served as a passage way between the vessel and wharf. It was capsized by the force of the blow, and the poor unfortunate young man was precipitated into the opening between the vessel and wharf. His calls for assistance were heard in vain. For before he could be reached, the spirit had left the weary clay, and fled to that land where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are forever at rest. He was taken out of the water a mangled corpse.

Reader—this young man never became a convert to a sect. He lived and died an unbeliever in Christianity. His unbelief was more the result of ignorance, or a downright wilfulness, and determination not to embrace Christianity. I now appeal to you—would it be consistent with love, mercy, and goodness, to torment this poor creature eternally? Were not his numerous tribulations all that any human being, possessed of the least particle of kindness, could wish upon him? You must, you will say—yes. Remember, then, that God is infinite in kindness, and that his mercy knows no bounds.

D. D. S.

ENDLESS PUNISHMENT.

If the punishment which the Deity inflicts be corrective, it follows that no punishment can be without end; for a punishment which is both corrective and endless is a contradiction in terms.

ATTACHMENT TO LIFE.

Original.

HERE and there an individual is found, who is strongly attached to life; or, as the phrenologist would say—'He has large vivativeness.' With such an one, the desire to live is the prominent characteristic, and governing principle. Every thing gives way to this. Speak to such of friendship—its joys and pleasures—the reply partakes of something connected with long life. Talk of the comforts of social intercourse, and you are at once reminded of the superior value and importance of existence.

On the other hand, you will occasionally meet with one, whom a disciple of Spurzheim would pronounce deficient in the 'desire to live.' Enter into conversation with this individual, whether man or woman, it matters not, and speak of those things upon which many minds delight to dwell, and they are named as objects of minor importance—things productive of little or no substantial comfort. Death is considered preferable to life. And this world is thought by them, to contain nothing worth living for. They look forward to the grave as the most delightful resting place imaginable, and care but little for a resurrection; and in their extreme eagerness to enjoy its repose, they find the arm of death attached to their own persons. These, I am fully sensible, are extreme cases. Nevertheless, they do exist.

When two persons of these opposite characters become united in the holy bands of hymen, the effect affords food for both mirthfulness and the sympathies. We laugh at their imperfections, and peculiarities; and pity their weaknesses, because of the miseries they are by them incessantly called to encounter.

It is a rare occurrence, that two persons become united under such circumstances; but when they do, the whole family and neighborhood have ample matter for conversation and remark. In the course of my pilgrimage, I have become acquainted with a union of the above named description. I have thought much of it, and have concluded to give a description of the same to the readers of these pages.

I have a relative whom I shall call aunt Susan. She is aimable in many respects, but proverbially fond of life. Several phrenologists have examined her head, and pronounce her propensity of 'Desire to life,' unusually large. Her neck is very thick, which is said to be a sure indication of strong love of life. Her fears of death are many. Though having unlimited confidence in the mercy and goodness of her Creator, she fears nothing which may transpire subsequently to the article death. It is the idea of dying—of passing from this state of being, which gives her pain.

So strong has been her attachment to life, and her unwillingness to die, that she refrained from being married, simply on the ground, that it would expose her to sickness, which might possibly terminate in death. In despite of her natural inclination and in opposition to the wishes of her friends, and the ardent desires of many gallant young gentlemen, she remained in a state of single blessedness for forty-five years.

At length, she made one powerful effort, and after a protracted courtship of ten days, was married to the object of her heart's first affections.

Here we have an opposite character introduced. The man whom my aunt had chosen for a companion, was as thoroughly disgusted with life, as she was fond of it. No language could adequately pourtray his hatred of life. He regarded it as an overwhelming curse. Every blessing he received was lessened in value, and every trial, however diminutive in itself, was magnified to an enormous size. Complaining and murmuring were his constant employment.

Occasionally my uncle and aunt would engage in conversation; but they could not proceed far without broaching the favorite topic of each. One extolled life as the greatest gift of God to man—the other enumerated its sorrows and ills; and after a long confab, they concluded the conversation with mutual dissatisfaction. It was for the most part terminated by my uncle, who becoming enraged by the controversy, would threaten to go out and hang himself. But my aunt became so familiar with his ways, that after a short season, these threats ceased to alarm her—so she would, on hearing the exclamation say—'Well, I would—it will save the expense of a long fit of sickness.' This had the desired effect. Mankind are singular creatures. Oppose them, and they urge their passage onward with double speed—approve of the course they contemplate pursuing, and they turn about and go in an opposite direction. It was so with my uncle. Grant him the liberty to do the fatal deed, and he would resolve on desisting from it. But oppose him, and a blind infatuation hurried him on.

While my aunt was satisfied with the present state of being, and was more strongly wedded to life than to her husband—while she viewed it as the choicest boon God ever bestowed on man, her husband regarded it, and always spoke of it as an evil. He never learned but one tune, and this he did not know certain, and the only two hymns he ever sung were sung in this tune. Though the metres were different, he managed to sing both hymns in the same mournful strains. One commenced with these words—

'I would not live away.'

The other began thus—

'Lord what a wretched land is this,
Which yieldeth no supply.'

He was conversant with the bible, and in his moments of melancholy, would repeat such portions as are contained in the book of Job, viz: 'Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble. Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upwards.' After repeating such passages as these he would exclaim—'Ah! Job saw things as they are. He knew that there is no comfort in life. I have learned the same thing. I can say with him, My soul is weary of life.'

So this pair lived on for many years. Any propensity, if left unrestrained, especially if cultivated, will grow, and increase in strength. So it was with my uncle and aunt. Their governing propensities became stronger as they grew older. Aunt

became more attached to life, and my uncle became more disgusted with it.

He had long threatened to terminate his existence by suicide; but his destructiveness being deficient, and combativeness wonderfully small, he could not accomplish the diabolical act. He lived on, his attachment to life growing more and more feeble, until death terminated his career by a consumption.

As to my aunt, she lived beyond the expectation of every one. Some came to the conclusion that she would never die. The bare thought of death would produce a sensation of faintness in her, and it was found necessary, on the part of her friends, to refrain from all conversation in her presence which would tend to agitate her mind upon the subject of man's exposure to mortality and physical dissolution.

But the long delayed hour came at last—her appointed time arrived. What the sensations of the old lady were in the last moments of life, is not known. She went to bed early at night, and on the following morning she was discovered lifeless in bed. It was the opinion of the physicians who examined the body, that she died in a fit of apoplexy.

A large circle of relatives and friends mourned her loss, and have evinced their respect for her virtues, by placing a marble slab at the head of her grave.

One word to the reader. You may appreciate life as the foundation of all your temporal enjoyments. But learn, I beseech you, not to make it a god. If you find the propensity of love of life strongly incorporated in your constitution do not cultivate it. Do not worship it. Endeavor to place yourself in circumstances where it will not be called into continual exercise. And if you make the discovery, that the propensity is feeble, then fix your mind upon objects which will nurture and bring it into a suitable degree of action. In this way, you will be a co-worker with God in promoting the great cause of human happiness.

DELTA.

SHORT STORIES.

Original.

Most readers are fond of short stories—but at the same time, they like now and then, a long one. Variety is the spice of life; and he who prepares food for the public mind, will be unsuccessful, unless he sets forth the variety, which never fails to attract attention, and afford rational amusement. Impressed with this, as being the right view of the subject, I propose, with the permission of the publisher, to set before the readers of this precious volume, a series of short stories, founded on fact. The main object of the writer will be, not only to amuse, but also to exhibit human nature in some of its most interesting traits.

JAMES DEBLOIS was a young man of prepossessing appearance, and elevated mind. He graduated at Harvard University, soon after its commencement, and carried away with him the honors customary to a good scholar, and with them, the good opinion of

the whole faculty. He chose the profession of a Physician, and prosecuted his studies to this end, to the unmixed gratification of his friends.

Having obtained a diploma, he went to the town of H—, a beautiful village, by the way, and commenced practice. His success partook of the wonderful. The resident Physician had long been afflicted with a sore disease, which threatened to terminate his career, long before our hero took up his abode in H—; but the week after James commenced practice, good old Dr. P— bid adieu to earth, and left this country for that one which is replete with pure and lasting joy. Having had several interviews with Deblois, and become thereby prepossessed in his favor, the old doctor spoke a word in his favor, which being magnified in no small degree, served to give James an elevated stand in the place, and neighboring region, as a good Physician.

Nothing of particular importance transpired, until our hero had resided there for two years, and by his industry had accumulated a little of the 'one thing needful,' when Jane Stebbins returned from London, whither she had been for her health. Now Jane was an only daughter of a wealthy merchant, and in her were centred the most lively hopes of her parents. Too much attention, bestowed by her parents, without a due share of exercise on her part, had reduced her to a very feeble state of health. For exercise is indispensable to health. Give a young miss all the luxuries of the world, but suffer her to repose in idleness, and you labor in vain, and spend your strength for naught. But so did not Mr. and Mrs. Stebbins think. They had indulged Jane, and she sickened beneath their fostering care.

To restore her to health, she was put in the charge of an uncle and sent to Europe. The voyage had a favorable effect on her. She returned much improved. Still the disease lingered about her frame, and threatened to terminate in a protracted consumption.

James Deblois had at this time acquired the fame of a celebrated practitioner. He became, it is true, rather unpopular with the Physicians in the neighboring towns; not that he was unworthy of their respect, but he had deviated from the path in which they and their fathers had walked, and instead of giving the medicines usually prescribed, gave such as the earth produced upon its surface.

It was immediately proposed by Mrs. Stebbins, that Dr. Deblois should be called to Jane, as report said he had cured many in like situations, even when they had been given over by the other Physicians. The father gladly acceded to the proposal, and Deblois was immediately sent for.

He came and prescribed for the damsel—the effect was favorable. She recovered her health; but the matter did not end here. James was wonderfully smitten by her appearance, and the temper of mind she exhibited during her sickness; and the feeling was reciprocal. His visits continued long after her recovery, and but little attention was paid to the affair, until James propounded the question to the father, whether he would give his daughter in marriage.

The old man was horror-struck! It was an event he had never dreamed of. What, said he, give you

my daughter, to be your wife? No. I will follow her to her grave first. Never shall she marry a common Physician, as you are.

Mr. Stebbins was a very good sort of a man, with this one exception. He loved money, and preferred the society of the rich, to that of the poor. And though he professed to be a follower of him who was poor, having not where to lay his head, yet, he despised and rejected this class from his society, though he administered to their necessities. He belonged to many benevolent associations, and gave liberally of his substance, for the furtherance of their several objects. Yet to have any family connexion with a poor man, as he regarded the young Dr. to be, savored too much of humiliation.

James went away sorrowful. Jane, when made acquainted with the mind of her father, wept in secret. Her sickness returned. James was once more called to prescribe for her, but not with the same success as formerly. The purpose of the father, with reference to her union, counteracted the effects of the medicine, and the poor girl pined beneath the best attentions of her affectionate Physician.

The truth was, Mr. Stebbins had promised his daughter to John Porter, the village lawyer, a man of great wealth, though by no means an agreeable companion. The word had gone forth, and married she must be, not to the doctor, but lawyer. In vain did the mother and daughter plead. Nothing but death, said Mr. Stebbins, shall divert me from my purpose. This was well said. For the week prior to the time proposed for the performance of the ceremony which was to make Mr. Porter a husband, and Jane his wife, he died of an apoplectic fit. This frustrated all the plans of Mr. Stebbins, and caused him to say unto the mother—do as you please. If you wish Jane to marry James Deblois, I will not object.

The anxious mother immediately conveyed the intelligence to the daughter. A change was soon visible in her health and appearance. In three weeks from the death of Porter, James became the happy husband of the wife of his choice, and Jane Stebbins was exchanged for the more acceptable title of Mrs. Deblois. They live now in a beautiful, though retired part of New York, and he is ranked among the first in his profession.

N. D.

THE WIFE.

Original.

THE wife is the nearest and best friend that can be found in the wide world. She is ever near in the hour of adversity. When fortune frowns, the fair one will soothe our woes—mitigate our pain—bear a willing part—and remain unmoved amid all the horrors of despair. Her language will be—

'I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in thy heart,
I know that I love thee whatever thou art.'

Should fortune smile, how pleasant, and how grateful must it be, to tread the path of life with a companion we love! To be attended by a firm confiding friend! Tongue cannot describe the value of this blessing.

B. S.

WHY AND BECAUSE.

Original.

WHY is God's doctrine compared to the rain ?

1st. Because—it is impartial. The rain falls on the evil, as well as on the good; on the unjust as well as on the just. Matt. v. 'He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.' So the doctrine of the Most High announces, that there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek—He hath included all in unbelief, that he may have mercy on all. He is kind, even to the unkind and unthankful.' Such, reader, is the language of the Bible. Ponder it well.

2d. Because—the rain is more abundant than the immediate wants of man. It falls upon the most remote portions of the earth. If parts are uninhabited, they are not excluded. So with God's doctrine. It brings an antidote for sin—a balm for the wound caused by malady. And the remedy is more extensive than the disease. Yes, blessed be God, Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound; that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord.'

3d. Because—the rain is not subject to the controul of man. We can neither cause it to rain, nor prevent the rain from falling. It comes in God's own appointed time, whether men are ready to receive it or not. Such, too, is the nature of the gospel. Men may oppose it, but their work will only terminate in the frustration of their own plans. They may rave and storm, and breath out threatening and slaughter, but the truth will remain unharmed. It is founded upon the rock of ages, and all their evil endeavors will avail nothing. They may rage and storm, and imagine a vain thing. They will nevertheless be held in derision. The word of the king of glory has gone forth, and all the powers of darkness combined, cannot prevent the descent of the spirit of truth, nor the final prosperity of the gospel of peace.

4th. God's doctrine drops like the rain,

Because the rain has a particular object to accomplish. It is sent down from heaven, to water the earth, and make it bring forth and bud, that it give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater. So is it with the doctrine of our kind Father in heaven. He has sent his truth into the world. He has caused it to be proclaimed by his prophets—his son—his apostles, and his ministers, to the end, that it may water the moral or mental world, and cause that to bring forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness, that men may live in joy and peace, and realize a foretaste of heaven, and immortal glory. Therefore, thus saith the Almighty: 'As the rain and snow come down from heaven, and return not thither, but water the earth, and cause it to bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater, so shall my word be, which goeth forth out of my mouth. It shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereunto I sent it.'

How joyful the prospect! The rain of Grace Di-

vine, shall continue to descend on man below, in gentle currents, until the moral fields shall bring forth the fruit which is well pleasing unto God. Yes—

'As showers on meadows newly mown,
Jesus shall shed his blessings down,
Crowned with whose life-infusing drops,
Earth shall renew her blissful crops.
Lands which beneath a burning sky,
Have long been desolate and dry,
The effusions of his love shall share,
And sudden life and verdure wear.'

D. D. S.

GET MARRIED.

Original.

I AM verging towards a period which will fix upon me the name of 'old bachelor.' My friends are continually sounding in my ears—'Get married—get married.' I reply—I might better my condition, and I might, by getting married, render it a thousand times worse. It is possible I should live in peace; and it is probable that war and contention would follow. To remain within these walls which are covered with cobwebs, would be preferable to a life of contention and bitterness.

Evils may grow out of wedlock; and a bachelor's loneliness and heart-ache would be a thousand times better than they. Yes—his gloominess would be pleasure compared with matrimonial war. For who can bear in silence the scolding of a wife? Who can witness her spleen—her extravagance for dress—her thirst for plays, for concerts, and for balls, unmoved?

And the husband must have in exercise the patience of Job, to endure the insolence of servants, and the tantalizations of a wife. But in a state of single blessedness, a man may take his quietus unmolested. The jeering name of 'bachelor,' I do not like. Yet the dread of something awful after marriage, makes me revolt, and draw back, and almost resolve to remain single. Yes—there is a vast expense—a needless expenditure of income—and the call of—'Husband, I want this—I want that—Mr. Goodkin's wife has this—and is going to have that thing—I am as good as she is—I work hard, and it is no more than just that I should have them. You must get them for me.' O! this is dreadful! Who can endure it? Well, to satisfy my wife, I procure the items wanted. I spend all my money, get in debt—at last am obliged to go to jail! pah!

I cannot go it. I will lead a single life, and thus escape all these miseries. 'The prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself. The foolish passeth on and is punished. It is better to dwell in the house-top, than in a wide house with a brawling woman.' It is exactly so. You are right, Solomon. I think exactly as you do. I will abide alone. Economy I will practice. Farewell to the ladies. My resolution is formed. I cannot be moved.

A BACHELOR.

THE EFFECTS OF DOCTRINE, OR THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

Original.

MOTHER, said Henry Brenton, as he pointed his finger to the heavens, dost thou see those light vapory clouds that hover round night's gentle queen, veiling her face with a melancholy shade of sadness. It bears to my mind a strong resemblance to thee; thy face ever wore the placid smile of innocent gaiety, till religion darkened thy mind, and spread a gloom upon thy brow.

My son, said Mrs. Brenton mildly, while a tear trembled in her eye, it is not religion that makes me sad, but the thought that thou, my child, my only earthly support, art fast travelling down the broad road to destruction, even denying the God that made thee, and treasuring up to thyself, wrath against the day of wrath. Think you that I can wear the smile of joy, so long as I see the vicious and depraved thy chosen companions, and thou by degrees imbibing their pernicious principles, and rushing headlong to eternal perdition? No! I can only weep, and pray God to arrest thee in thy sinful course, and snatch thee as a brand from the burning.

Mother, wouldst thou save me, if thou hadst the power?

Save thee, Henry! yes, even at the expense of life itself, and think the purchase cheap.

And yet, thou dost believe thy God to be possessed of power sufficient to accomplish all things; surely he must be more deficient in goodness than thou art, if he suffers me to be eternally miserable, for thou wouldst save me if thou hadst the power.

Question not the goodness of God. He has provided for us a way of salvation by which we may escape the damnation of hell! He sent his only begotten Son into the world to suffer and die, and to atone for the sins of a lost world. He warns and expostulates in his providence, in his word, and by his spirit. He begs of his creatures, that they would be wise for themselves; and accompanies his tender entreaty, with the alarming assurance that, if they scorn, they shall bear the consequence. He has set life and death before us, and left it for us to choose which we will have. We act as much from choice, in transgressing the laws of God, as we should were we to live up to their requirements.

I think, replied Henry, that you religionists, when treating upon one point of your doctrine, are prone to forget what some other parts of it teach. For instance, in descanting upon the goodness of God, his willingness to save, if we will but call upon him, and his constituting us free moral agents, &c. you wholly disregard the doctrine of election and reprobation; for, if God is an unchangeable being, and has from eternity elected us to everlasting life; or, on the other hand, doomed us to everlasting woe, our believing or disbelieving can have no effect whatever on our future destiny; yet you tell me that my choice alone, is to decide my fate, and that I can as easily choose good as evil. Here you come in direct contact with the doctrine of total depravity; for, if I am totally depraved, I can no more choose a good thing, or do a good act, than I

can create a world, or do any other impossibility. Pray, mother, how do you reconcile these gross inconsistencies? Reason, common sense, every thing teaches us that where there are contradictions, there is also falsehood; and if one part of thy creed is false, it is possible, that the whole may be equally so.

Religion, returned Mrs. B. cannot be tested by human reason. God's ways are not our ways; and our limited knowledge can never fathom the depths of his divine purposes. For this reason, many things in his government, appear to us inconsistent with divine goodness; but if we could only comprehend his designs and trace the end from the means, we should doubtless find a uniform and admirable consistency in all his works. The truths that are not clearly revealed, were not designed for us to know in our present state of existence. They are holy mysteries, and as much entitled to our belief, as though God had condescended to explain them to us in a manner adapted to our weak understandings. It is true there are many points of doctrine in our religion, hard to be understood, and cannot be explained to a mind unrenewed by divine grace, so as to appear consistent or perhaps just. The doctrines of the decrees, and free moral agency, total depravity, and eternal punishment, appear to the mind of the unbeliever, absurd, contradictory, and unjust; but to the believer, they appear different. Although they cannot tell why these things are so, they are fully persuaded that God orders all things for the best, and will eventually bring about the greatest possible good. We frequently witness phenomena in nature, for which we cannot account; and indeed some of the most familiar objects by which we are surrounded, daily remind us of our limited knowledge. We know not how, or by what process, a simple spear of grass puts forth one spear after another, yet we know that it does this, and it would be the height of absurdity for us to disbelieve the fact, simply because we cannot understand how, or why it is done. So with religion. We are bound to believe all that the Bible teaches, even if we cannot understand it.

I do not, dear mother, possess that happy talent of believing, what I do not understand; and why should we perplex our minds with vain speculation. If your creed be true, our fate was irrevocably fixed from eternity, and we have nothing to do, but to strive to live happy in this world; for if we are doomed to spend an eternity in wretchedness, it would be folly for us to make ourselves miserable in this life, by anticipating the future. You grieve that I should doubt the existence of a Supreme Being, and a future state of existence, but really I cannot conceive of a being of infinite power and goodness, that could at the same time be so infinitely cruel as to create myriads of intelligent creatures, for the express purpose of tormenting them through the wasteless ages of eternity, or so totally void of foresight, as to create them, and then hang their future destiny upon their own feeble efforts, without foreseeing their utter ruin in consequence of the very power he had given them. This has led me to doubt the truth of all revelation, and to suspect that the many and contradictory creeds of

religion, are the works of an aspiring priesthood to enslave the minds of men, and render them subservient to their own will and pleasure. If I could but find a religion that appeared reasonable in itself, or consistent with my ideas of what it ought to be, I would gladly embrace it; for I confess that it is but a cheerless faith that limits our existence to this short life; but cheerless as it is, it is far preferable to the soul harrowing doctrines of the Geneva reformer.

Henry, by the death of his father, was left at an early age to the care of a kind and affectionate mother, who spared no pains that her limited finances would allow, to educate him for a life of active usefulness. Deprived of the beloved companion of her youth, her affections centred entirely upon her little son, now the only tie that bound her to life. She had been educated in the principles of pure Calvinism, and would have as soon doubted the sacred truths of the Bible, as to question for a moment the correctness of those principles. She did not, however, give her attention much to the study of religion—there was always something painful to her in the gloomy reflection of the final destiny of a part of the human family; and like many other nominal believers in this doctrine, she waited for a more convenient season to become religious; resolving, that as old age or sickness approached, she would then exert herself for its attainment. She did not therefore, so strenuously urge its solemn duties upon her little charge, as was in those days deemed necessary in order to secure the soul's salvation; but contented herself with striving to implant in his young bosom, those pure principles of virtue and morality, which had ever adorned her own character through life. She soon had the satisfaction of finding that she was not doomed to labor on a barren soil, but where, with proper cultivation, a rich harvest would reward her labors. At the age of sixteen, Henry was apprenticed as clerk in an extensive mercantile establishment in the city of B. at the distance of about fifty miles from his native village. Here he had the misfortune to form an intimate acquaintance with a young man possessed of brilliant talents, a most amiable disposition, and pleasing address; but a confirmed skeptic in matters of religion. Had Henry been told in the commencement of their acquaintance, that his friend was an Infidel, he would have shrunk from him, as from a poisonous reptile; but as he had never paid but little attention to the theory of religion, he never made it a subject of conversation with his young associates, and of course remained in ignorance of their infidelity for a long time. By degrees he became accustomed to their jests upon religion, and his mind was gradually approaching to that peculiar state which would lead him to adopt their delusive errors, whenever circumstances should arouse his attention to the subject.

Four years had passed away, and a change came over his native village. The venerable minister who had for many years presided over the spiritual concerns of the little flock, had been taken from them by the relentless hand of death—a young preacher had taken his place, and the usual effect of such changes was soon visible, in what is termed a revival of religion. Mrs. Brenton was among the

first of its converts. She now deeply regretted her former indifference, and to atone for past negligence in regard to her son, she now used every exertion to bring him to a sense of his lost and sinful condition. Her long and frequent letters, were filled with the most terrific denunciations of eternal vengeance, to be poured out upon the impenitent sinner, and in the most pathetic manner conjured him to renounce the pleasures and vanities of this life, and seek an interest in the Savior, ere repentance came too late, and the day of grace was past forever. Her anxieties and regrets were greatly increased when she learned that some of his associates were open and avowed infidels, and were leading him along step by step, in search of pleasure, to the destructive haunts of folly and dissipation. The earnestness with which she addressed him, deeply affected his feelings, and he resolved to make religion his study; but the more he investigated the popular theories of the day, the more he became bewildered, and the more plausible the sophistry of his deluded companions appeared to him. It was at this period, while on a visit to his mother, that the conversation, related at the beginning of this narrative, took place. Mrs. B. saw that the impossibility of reconciling the conflicting sentiments of her religion, served only to confirm his previous doubts, and wisely forbore to press the subject farther; though her countenance plainly indicated the extreme anguish of her soul, as she raised her tearful eyes to Heaven, and silently breathed a fervent prayer, that God would, in his own good time, convince him of his fatal errors, and bring him safe to the fold of Christ.

Another year rolled on, and Henry was sent to a distant city to transact business for his employer. On his arrival, he met with an acquaintance, who volunteered his services to show him the city, and to conduct him to every resort of pleasure. He invited him one evening, to accompany him in a short ride from the city, to a house frequented by a set of noted gamblers. Here Henry was induced to pass the night, though he resolutely determined not to join them in their unlawful sports; but the jests and entreaties of his associates, together with the frequent circulation of the wine cup, finally prevailed; he consented to try one game, and fortune seemed to favor him—he tried another, and another, until he forgot his former resolution, and it was not until day had dawned upon them, that he thought of quitting such an entrancing scene. He found himself winner to a large amount, and half resolved to adopt the life of a gambler, for the future; but as he looked around him, his eye fell upon one who seemed to be regarding him with a most fiend-like expression of satisfaction, and he felt that nature had never designed him an associate for such abandoned wretches as many of the loungers at that place appeared to be. Henry declined his friend's invitation to ride back to the city with him—he preferred a solitary walk, that he might enjoy the freshness of the morning breeze, and gaze upon the beautiful scenery around him, at leisure. It was a lovely morning in June—the earth was clad in her gayest vestments—the dark green foliage glittered with its countless gems, as the first rays of the morning sun gilded the chrysal dew drops, with all the variega-

ted colors of the rainbow. All nature seemed animated with new life and vigor—the groves were filled with the melody of its feathered tenants, who seemed to greet the return of another day with grateful joy. Henry, who was an enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of nature, involuntarily paused as he emerged from a little grove, through which his path had led him, and which opened upon one of the most lovely prospects that the country affords. The city lay spread out before him, with its gilded spires, and stately edifices; the extensive harbor, and its grove of masts with streaming pennons from different nations, fluttering in the gentle breeze; the broad deep river sullenly winding its way through banks of verdure, to the fathomless ocean; and the neat cottages scattered here and there, with its beautiful garden, its trees and its flowers, formed altogether, a picture of the most surpassing loveliness. How beautiful, exclaimed he, is our earth, but how short the time we can enjoy it; would that I could believe there is a fairer and better world beyond the grave, which would—

The sound of approaching footsteps cut short his soliloquy; he turned hastily to see who was the unwelcome intruder, and instantly recognized his late companion, whose ruffian-like appearance had so forcibly arrested his attention. Henry courteously addressed to him some remarks upon the beauty of the morning, but received no other answer, than a heavy blow from a large walking cane, that felled him to the earth, and rendered him incapable of offering any resistance to the farther assaults of the ruthless assassin, who deliberately proceeded to rifle the pockets of his victim of all that was valuable, when startled by the sound of approaching footsteps, he hastily plunged his dagger into the bosom of the unfortunate Henry, and fled with precipitation to the adjoining thicket.

When Henry awoke to a state of consciousness, he was lying on a bed in a little apartment, furnished with neatness, and evident attention to the comfort of its occupant. A little table, ornamented with a vase of fresh flowers, and covered with phials and other paraphernalia of a sick room, stood under a small glass, with a plain mahogany frame; in one corner was a bureau covered with a damask cloth of snowy whiteness, on which reposed a large family Bible, and two or three books of a devotional character; and over it hung some small shelves, filled with a choice collection of books, which spoke the owner's taste for literature, and thirst for knowledge; a sofa of antiquated appearance, on which lay a small work basket, containing articles indicative of female industry, and two or three chairs, composed the simple furniture of the room. Henry gazed around him, vainly endeavoring to collect his scattered senses, and to recollect where he was, and the circumstances that had placed him in his present situation. He tried to raise himself up, but found himself too weak and sore, scarcely to move a limb. Recollection now flashed upon him—the scene through which he had passed was too replete with horror ever to fade entirely from his memory. He recollected perfectly the moment, when he thought that certain death was his portion, and the conviction forced itself upon him, that he

was about to rush into the presence of a God he had dishonored, and that a just retribution had already arrested his career of folly and delusion. The recollection of the scene sent a thrill of horror through his frame, and he groaned aloud; a soft step quickly approached his bed, and a young and interesting female, pale with fatigue and watchfulness, bent over his pillow, and tenderly inquired if she could do any thing to alleviate his distress. He gazed at her a moment in silence, then feebly inquired to whom he was indebted for the kind attention that had been bestowed upon him. The countenance of the maiden brightened with a gleam of joy, as she met the look of intelligence, and saw evidences of the returning reason of her interesting charge, and she hastened to relieve his mind, by assuring him, that though among strangers, every attention that his case required, would as cheerfully be given, as would be, were he among his dearest friends. At this moment the door opened, and a venerable looking man, whom the maiden addressed as father, entered the room. He expressed much pleasure at the improved appearance of their guest, and requested him to make himself perfectly at ease, respecting his situation, assuring him that he should receive a father's care, from him, so long as it was necessary for him to remain under his roof.

William Weston (our venerable host) was a man that had experienced much affliction, and knew how to sympathize with a distressed fellow creature. He had been in affluent circumstances; a lovely wife, and a promising family of children at one time gladdened his heart with their soothing endearments—he looked forward with hope to the future, and almost fancied himself exempt from the sorrows of life; but the sunshine of prosperity was succeeded by the dark clouds of adversity. By a series of misfortunes he lost a great part of his property—sickness and death entered his dwelling, and robbed him of the dear objects of his love; one after another, was taken from him, and the gentle Julia, was all that now remained of the once happy group that surrounded his board. His health gave way under the pressure of affliction, and he was obliged to retire from business with a slender pittance, barely sufficient to maintain himself and his little daughter. He superintended the education of his little charge, and saw with a father's pride the expansion and improvement of a mind capable of attaining the highest degree of cultivation. She repaid his kind indulgence with a love little short of adoration. Ever solicitous to promote his happiness, she sought by her affectionate endearments to beguile him from the grief that was preying upon his heart, and cheerfully lent a helping hand whenever she could assist him in his labors, and thus grew up in the habit of industry, managing her household affairs with a skill and dexterity rarely attained in maturer years. On the morning of Henry's disaster, Mr. Weston complained of a slight indisposition, and Julia prevailed on him to remain in the cottage, and permit her to milk the cow and drive it to the pasture. On her return, her attention was arrested by a low moan apparently near her. Pity for the sufferings of another, banished all

fear for herself, and she hastily directed her steps to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, and soon discovered the unfortunate youth weltering in blood, in a state of insensibility. On examination she found that life was not yet extinct, and she exerted herself to stanch the flowing blood, and to place him in the most favorable position, then hastened to procure assistance to remove him to her father's cottage, which was immediately done. A surgeon was sent for, who dressed his wounds, and gave some hopes of his recovery. Julia attended him with the unwearied attention of a devoted sister, and had begun to entertain many fears that his reason had forever fled, when on the third morning he awoke to a state of consciousness, and addressed to her the earnest inquiries already related. Julia briefly related to him the circumstances, and in conclusion, remarked, that the hand of a kind and watchful providence, was clearly visible, in rescuing him from an untimely grave. O tell me not, I entreat thee, said Henry, wildly, that God has been mindful of me. I have forfeited every claim upon his goodness, and vengeance alone is due to transgressions like mine. I feel that, if there is a God, his hand is already raised to plunge me into the dread abyss of unending woe. The big drops of agony stood upon his brow, and the gentle girl wept with pity, as she spoke the words of peace and comfort to his troubled soul. She entreated him to shake off those false and unnatural fears, and to regard his Maker as a God of love, and not of hatred; as his Father, and everlasting Friend, who had created only to bless, and who would eventually gather the whole human family to the haven of his eternal rest. She turned to the Bible, and read many of the precious promises confirming the declaration that—'God is love.' Mr. Weston made some remarks upon the beauty and consistency of the Christian religion, its adaptation to the necessities and desires of sinful man, its cheering hopes, and the consolation it affords to the believer, in the darkest hour of adversity. He then knelt down by the bedside of the sufferer, and offered up a prayer in his behalf, with the earnest and child-like confidence of one who addresses a tender parent, whom he believes incapable of acting from any other principle than that of love. Henry had never before heard his Maker addressed as the friend of sinners, and the Savior of all mankind; and he could scarcely believe, that his despised, neglected Bible, taught so glorious a doctrine. He felt that if the sacred volume did indeed teach, that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; but made him sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God, in him; and that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. He could embrace such a religion with his whole soul, and rejoice in it with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. But the murky clouds of unbelief were not to be dispelled in a moment. A little light had already broke in upon his benighted soul, and after a thorough investigation, he became a firm unwavering Christian, a believer in the final restoration of all mankind to holiness and happiness. How different were his feelings now, from what they were a few

weeks before;—then, all was dark and cheerless; now, the glorious light of the gospel illuminated his path, and his full heart overflowed with love and gratitude, to the great Giver of all good. How precious to him were the seasons of devotion enjoyed with his friends.

He was soon able to walk about, with the assistance of his gentle nurse, his more than sister, to whose kindness he was indebted, not only for personal comforts, but for that transporting knowledge of a Redeemer's love. The hours he had passed in her company, were the happiest of his life. With her he had searched the sacred scriptures, rejoicing in their precious promises—with her he had chaunted the praises of redeeming love—and with her he had knelt around the family altar, and offered up the sincere devotions of a grateful heart. His love had mingled with his religion, and partook much of the nature of religious veneration. He felt that in loving her, he loved virtue itself. A mutual understanding existed between them—their love was mutual. In a few weeks he was able to return to his employer. On the morning of his departure, he sought and obtained the consent of Mr. Weston, for his union with his daughter.

The old man took her trembling hand and placed it in Henry's, saying—'my children, I give you to each other. May God bless you both. I feel that I shall not be permitted to live to see you united, but trust to meet you, where all are united, and parting is unknown.' Henry shook the old man affectionately by the hand, and tenderly bidding Julia adieu, entered his carriage, and was soon lost to their view.

Six months passed away, and Henry Brenton removed his bride to his own home. The words of Mr. Weston on parting with him, proved prophetic; he had passed from the earth, rejoicing in his release from a world of sorrow and of sin. Mrs. Brenton entered the family of her son, embraced the truth as it is in Jesus, lived to a good old age, and the gloom upon her brow changed to the bright glow of faith in a world's salvation. F. N.

OBITUARY.

Original.

BR. SMITH.—The following elegant and pathetic lines, occasioned by the death of Lemuel Parkhurst, Esq. of Palmyra, N. Y. and originally published in a periodical of that place, were lately handed me by a relative of the deceased. On reading them, I was so struck with the beauty, appropriateness, and feeling that pervades them, that I resolved, at once, on forwarding a copy for the 'Repository,' and obtained permission to that effect. The subject of these lines, was a young man just in the prime and vigor of life, of liberal education, about entering the profession of law, of superior talents and acquirements; and eminently calculated to do honor to his profession, and to his country. Being a native of this town, all who knew him, bear testimony to his worth, and respond to the sentiment of the poet in this tribute to his memory. By giving them an insertion in your valua-

ble paper, you will confer a favor on the writer, and I doubt not, on those of his surviving friends in this place, and elsewhere, in the temple of whose hearts his name and his virtues are sincerely and fondly cherished.

P.

Milford, 1835.

'Thus in the circle of his friends, beloved stood;
But death has entered; Nature pushed him back:
The grave his body holds; his soul to God has fled;
But ah! the last, last, what? (can words express?
Thought reach it?) the last—silence of a friend.'

Awake my muse, behold, deprived of breath,
PARKHURST encircled in the arms of death!
With wreaths of cypress to his grave repair,
And bathe his sacred dust with friendship's tear.
Ah! long shall mem'ry mourn his early doom,
And long shall friendship languish o'er his tomb,—
In vain she seeks him in the verdant glades;
In vain for him explores Palmyra's shades:
His spotless soul, too chaste to linger here,
Has sought in purer worlds, its native sphere:
In him were virtue, learning, sense, combined;
His mind exalted, and his taste refined;
But virtue, science, all in vain to save
From thy rude grasp, thou tyrant of the grave!
Like a bright star, serenely mild and clear,
Whose rays illumine our little hemisphere,
He shone supreme; but ah! he shines no more;
By death eclipsed, while we his loss deplore.
The breezes moan, the murmuring streams that flow,
Swell into sighs, then fall in tears of woe.
The immortal Nania* pauses o'er his earth,
And chants her requiem to departed worth,
But now my muse expand thy downy wings,
Bid fancy soar above terrestrial things,
And see the joyful soul, released from clay,
Mount through the air to realms of endless day.
Heav'n's everlasting portals open fly,
To admit the spirit to its native sky.
Angelic hosts the enraptured soul convoy,
Through floods of bliss, and boundless seas of joy.
But cease, faint muse—too high for thee the strain,
To paint celestial joys, thy power is vain;
Death rides triumphant in his car of state,
While from his bow swift fly the darts of fate;
Then, O, my soul, the present hour improve,
Prepare to join thy friend in realms above.'

* The goddess of funeral songs.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.—NO. III.

Original.

In the last number was concluded a brief survey of the duty of the sabbath school teacher, in relation to himself; I will therefore, according to the original design, endeavor to show as briefly, his duty to his pupils.

It is of course presumed that the sabbath school instructor, in taking upon himself that charge, expects to fulfil his duty to his scholars. This is perhaps greater and more arduous than he imagines. He is to train the youthful mind, by a moral and

religious culture,—to guide childhood's unpracticed steps, along the paths of pleasantness and peace,—to wean the budding affections of infancy from the carnal, unwholesome and sinful pleasures of the world, and bid them cling to nobler objects, far more worthy; he is to call into action, those springs of virtue which lay hidden and dormant in the secret recesses of the heart, that, with their chrystal waters, he may nourish the germ of religion which he is to plant upon their borders; and above all, he is to awaken the soul to a sense of its celestial destiny, that the knowledge may be the joy of youth, the zest of manhood, and the main-spring of hope in old age and death.

Such is the summary of the sabbath school instructor's employment in his particular capacity. To acquit himself well, therefore, he will, of course, be obliged to avail himself of a good portion of discretion, GOOD WILL and patience. A rugged soil can be prepared for the reception of seed, only by labor and perseverance. And it is, generally speaking, a rugged, or at least an unprepared soil, which is to be the first scene of the sabbath teacher's labor; but, though unprepared, as we may term it, it is susceptible, and may, by attention and exertion be improved. But it cannot be improved advantageously, except by unremitting exertion. The best soil in the world, if allowed to remain idle, or if improved only occasionally, will, if it lose not its fertility altogether, run to waste, and be covered with weeds and brambles. Hence the necessity of constant cultivation, and constant care. Before we plant the seed, we must prepare the ground; and after the seed is planted it cannot vegetate, and prove fruitful, except the watering pot, or the shower aids and nourishes it, and the rank and twining weeds, which might envelope and crush it, be carefully removed. This will undoubtedly be assented to by all. I think, then, that I was correct in saying that the duty of the Sabbath school instructor is not so easy, as some imagine. But let not this discourage any, for the task, though arduous in some things, is pleasurable in all to those who feel engaged in the cause. It is not to be expected that one who does not realize the importance of the work, and who is entirely unconcerned for the result, should enter upon and continue in the duty, with that engagedness, that devotion and self denial, which is absolutely necessary to the ultimate success of the Sabbath school system. No! but to him who does consider the result, the labor, though somewhat burdensome, has charms, which fail not to interest his heart, and give him efficiency in his effort, and progression in his work.

It is therefore, not to be supposed that because the duty of the Sabbath school teacher is somewhat onerous, that it is without its corresponding pleasures and gratifications, and consequently to be disregarded: not at all! for the very anticipation of the final, but perhaps in some cases distant result, should be, and is, I have no doubt, a sufficient inducement in general, for those who have entered, of who are about entering upon the work. With these prefatory remarks, I will proceed as far as my limited ability permits, to point out the duty of the Sabbath school instructor to his scholars.

Firstly, I shall lay down punctuality in attendance upon the teacher's part, as an indispensable portion of his duty. Punctuality is necessary in all things; it is the life of success in all business, and the great controller of the result of every effort.

The Sabbath school system, may be compared, when in operation, to the solar system. The solar system is composed of planets; every planet has its centre of attraction, which is a sun; every sun has its appointed sphere to illumine and cheer. And again, every sun is secondary to the grand centre of the whole, and the source of all 'light and life,' which is the Creator. And such is materially the operation of the system of sabbath school tuition. Each teacher has a certain sphere or class to be benefited and enlightened by his instruction; that instruction, he derives from the Revelation, which is by the direct inspiration of the Most High. Thus we perceive that the comparison is almost perfect. Now suppose for an instant that one of the suns of the solar system, should withdraw its light for a certain season at irregular intervals, the effect would not only be detrimental, but ruinous to its particular sphere.

Now there is almost a strict analogy, between this case, and the lack of punctuality in the Sabbath teacher. Saving that the effect would not be so extensive and destructive. But still, the effect would be the same in principle, and to say the least, not of a good tendency. For while the teacher is absent, the pupils must necessarily be deprived of his instruction and advice. To be sure another teacher might supply his place, but the precepts of that teacher, would fall, like some straggling ray from a distant sun upon the chilled bosoms of those planets, whose 'source of light and heat,' had been quenched, but with dim effulgence, and without that enlivening warmth, which their own teacher knows so well how to impart to his instruction and counsel.

The want of punctuality in the teacher, moreover, has a bad effect upon the minds of his pupils. It not only makes his instruction ineffectual in a great degree, but presents to his pupils an example which, to say the least, it is not desirable they should follow. And it is certainly to be wished above all things, that the teacher's example as well as his precepts, should be such as would be beneficial to his charge.

It must therefore be evident, that punctuality is requisite, yea, indispensable to the welfare of a Sabbath school.

Punctuality is furthermore the sole avenue to that continuance of effort, efficiency of action, and certainty of progression, which are to be the sureties of final success. It has already been shown that we cannot expect to improve and cultivate the soil without constant attention. An unremitting dropping of water, will gradually wear away and penetrate the hardest adamant; but that dropping must be without cessation, and, though the drop of water be but small, it will be much more effectual, if constant, than an occasional and irregular rush of the largest body. Let us therefore be constant and penetrating; let us be punctual and successful.

While recommending punctuality, however, I would not have it inferred that no allowance is made for in-

capacity. By no means. A teacher may be unable to attend to his duty from a variety of causes. Sickness may detain him, or he may be indispensably obliged to be absent from other causes. But what is meant when speaking of punctuality, is, that no frivolous object or event be allowed to detain us from our more necessary duties. Punctuality recommends itself in all things; but allowance is invariably to be made for unavoidable necessity. And I would again repeat that I would not insist too much upon punctiliousness in this respect, nor in any other. But again I say, let us be punctual and successful.

D. J. M.

THE DEATH OF LAZARUS.

Original.

WHILE Jesus tarried still where Jordan's waves
Wend their bright pathway to the salt sea's foam;
There were sad hearts and tearful eyes, waiting
With grief's impatience, his return to pleasant
Bethany. That Mary who had knelt to
Kiss his weary feet and wash them with her
Tears—then dried them with her long fair hair, and
Brought an alabaster box of precious
Ointment to annoint them with—and Martha
Who was thoughtful about worldly things—had
Watched untiring by their brother's couch—their
Loved and only one—till life's last gleam was
Lingering ere it quite went out, then with
The hope that in grief's darkest hour, will strongly
Cling to something for support however
Frail—they to the Saviour sent afar,
Praying him come and save the Lazarus he
Had loved; and hope still smiling to deceive
Buoyed up their wounded heart's awhile, but death's
Decree was sealed, ere Jesus came,
Though the disciples begged him not to go,—
For Bethany was nigh Jerusalem
And the Jews sought their blessed master's life—
Yet with a fearless heart he went his way,
On love's own errand bent. The sisters
Hearing of his near approach came out to
Meet him at the grave. The sunset's golden
Light streams through the cypress' gloom, and
Played in mockery o'er their pale sad brows.
The youthful Mary's long and silken locks,
Were all unbound and loose; and her blue eyes
Too sweet and mild for sorrow's dwelling place,
Were dimmed by weary days and nights, of
Watching and of tears; the thoughtful Martha
Had forgot her household cares, and gave the
Time to passionate regret. * * *
The sun's last beam gazed with a lingering
Farewell upon the group. The two lone sisters
Knelt in hopeless misery, beside the
Grave where their last earthly friend was laid.
The sympathizing crowd were mourning loud,
And the disciples turned away their
Heads, to hide the silent tears. Then over
Jesus' placid brow stole sorrow's shade, and
Our dear Saviour wept in that sad hour, as
Though a brother of his own, there slept the
Dreamless sleep. How tender was the heart thus
Touched with mortal woes!—that felt so keen

The grief he came to cure! But with a
 Sympathy not all confined to tears,
 He stood beside the opened tomb, and prayed
 For power from heaven; and o'er the hushed
 And wondering crowd his deep-toned voice
 Was heard, bidding the dead come forth! Then
 Lazarus awoke—and in death's garments
 Robed, rose up as from a slumber deep—
 Not in the spirit's phantom form which vanisheth;
 For strength was given to those manly limbs,
 And health's own rosy hue came stealing o'er
 The cheek, which sickness had left pale and thin.
 In his dark eyes the light of life was sparkling,
 As with the wondering glance of one from
 A long dream awoke, he gazed around—till those
 The loved and sought, fell on his neck with
 Frantic joy blessing the Lord. M. A. D.
 Hartford, Ct.

MINISTERS' TRIALS.

Original.

MINISTERS are an unfortunate class of men. Sometimes they are lauded to the skies, and at other times they are traduced, and degraded, and made to lick the dust. And I can conceive of no situation which is less enviable than that of a preacher, placed in a society who have become somewhat disaffected towards him. From an angel of light, he descends to a minister of Satan. No change takes place in the man. He remains the same. But some strange infatuation seizes one of the popular members of his society—the contagion spreads. 'A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.' In the short space of a few weeks, the community are all by the ears. The clergyman is dismissed. Evil reports are in circulation—slander, the Beelzebub of demons, is busy with his ten thousand times ten thousand tongues, and soon the poor priest is deprived of all means of support; and his children may cry for bread in vain.

This is no fancy sketch. Hundreds of cases have occurred, which will justify these remarks.

But look again:—He stands before the public an innocent man. But to how many such ups and downs he may be exposed, and how many such scenes as this he may be called to encounter, the Lord only knows.

To a sensitive mind, these trials are painful beyond description. But the ignorant and stoical may meet and encounter them without uncommon emotions. Yea, more, such may insult, and deride, and add reproach to downright abuse.

Again:—The minister is called upon to administer comfort to those in trouble, when he needs some one to comfort him. He must cast aside his own load of woe, and be of a cheerful countenance, when nature seems ready to sink beneath her load of affliction, and go before his people, and tender them the consolations of God's word.

Were it not for the hope of coming immortality, and the faith which teaches, that all trials and afflictions work together for good, he would despair, and sink beneath his accumulated load of sorrow.

He remembers that the scriptures declare, that unto us it is given in behalf of Jesus Christ, not only to believe on him, but to suffer for his sake.

This is not all. He is frequently associated with ministering brethren, who to his face are generous and charitable, but behind his back, they poison the atmosphere he breathes, sap his reputation, and aim to sour the minds of his friends. All are not guilty of this baseness. But oftentimes, those possessing great influence in society, will indirectly soil, if not destroy, his good name. This is what the inspired writers denominate—'wounds in the house of friends.'

All the trials the preacher is called to encounter, are small and trifling, compared with this. Paul, that indefatigable messenger to the Gentiles, on one occasion, enumerated his trials, and concluded his narration with the words—'In perils among false brethren.' This, he seemed to consider the worst of all.

Ministers, above all others, should bridle their tongues. They profess a religion which enjoins this as a duty. If the professed teacher of the religion of Jesus Christ does not refrain his lips from evil, and his tongue, that it speak no guile, he virtually says to the world—'My religion is vain.' James i. 26. 'If any man among you seemeth to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain.'

Let such an one go and learn his lesson anew of the great master of Christians, and for the time to come, be as careful of his neighbor's reputation, as he wishes others to be of his own.

Reader, hast thou a sympathizing heart, pity the condition of the preacher, and add not one pang to the portion which he now has to encounter. Treat him as a human being—and as such, give him your sympathy and advice. D. D. S.

THE TALE-BEARER.

Original.

THERE was a very honest and faithful young man who tenanted a small house on the land of Squire Bigelow. His name was Andrew Shepherd. He could be seen at his work early and late; and, on account of his devotion to the interests of the Squire, in whose employ he was, that gentleman had taken a great interest in him, and had often placed him in situations of some responsibility. But there was another workman, by the name of Jeremiah Sautell, who could not attend constantly to his work, because he was always too busy in watching the motions of his fellows, and seeking occasion to run and complain of them to the Squire for any little oversight; by which means he supposed he should ingratiate himself with his employer, without having recourse to the legitimate means of doing so—faithfulness in his duty.

As Squire Bigelow knew but little about Sautell, he was easily made to believe that this officiousness on his part proceeded from a desire to prevent any of the other workmen from taking advantage of him; and he, therefore, looked with a favorable eye upon the tale-bearer. Young Shepherd, however, had always

been so faithful and constant that Sautell was unable to catch him tripping in the slightest degree. But Sautell was determined to injure him, if he could, as he was jealous of the confidence which the Squire reposed in him. He wished to usurp the place which Shepherd occupied in the heart of their common employer; and he could not endure to hear the Squire speak well of him. He determined to bring about his ruin, if any possible pretext could be formed for lowering him in the opinion of Squire Bigelow. He also felt assured that it would be rather dangerous for him to speak against Shepherd to the Squire, unless he could bring some serious charge, and substantiate it well; as, otherwise, his malignity might recoil upon his own head. He would hide behind the fence, when Shepherd was at work, for the purpose of overhearing his conversation, in the hope that he might be tempted to say something against the Squire, which he was ready to report on the instant. But he found that Shepherd was always too much engaged with his labor to talk much; and that when he did speak to his companions, it was, mostly, about his business. Thus continually baffled, the sly man became very angry, and resolved that he would leave no stone unturned in his attempts to injure the unsuspecting youth. Every evening he would squat under the window of Shepherd's cottage and listen to his discourse with his wife and the visitors who occasionally called upon him. His endeavors were, for a long time, fruitless. But, one evening, when he had arrived at the cottage window at a somewhat late hour, and had just commenced peeping in at Shepherd and his wife, he perceived a body of several men approaching the house, and whispering between themselves in an earnest manner. Sautell's curiosity was now upon the stretch. He withdrew until the men had entered the house, when he again took his station at the window. He perceived that Shepherd was addressing his companions in a low, earnest voice, and he tried his utmost to overhear them. At length he was enabled to catch the words: 'Be at the stables precisely at twelve'—'we will hide behind the brush'—'the horses'—'we must be secret'—'we must do this business without any noise.'

'Ha! ha!' said Sautell inwardly—'here is a plan to steal the Squire's horses! Now shall Shepherd lick the dust, and I shall be made forever.'

Away went the tale-bearer to the Squire, and found him about retiring for the night.

'What has sent you here in such haste?' cried the Squire—'and at this late hour?'

'Oh! dreadful, worthy sir!' cried Sautell—'I have just overheard a conference in Shepherd's cottage, wherein that false servant has been plotting with some others, whom I will name, to rob your stables at midnight of your elegant and spirited horses! I am so much grieved to think that Shepherd should do this thing, that I can hardly refrain from weeping.'

'Why, Sautell,' said the Squire, 'are you beside yourself? was there ever a more faithful, devoted servant than Shepherd! you must have misunderstood him. I never can believe this of Shepherd.'

Sautell then told the Squire all that he had overheard, and, like all tale-bearers, added a little which he did not hear. He ended by saying that he had,

of late, seen something strange about Shepherd—that his manner was very suspicious, and that he feared the young man had been in the habit of frequenting bad company. The Squire felt the tears start into his eyes, as the insinuations of Sautell began to overcome his disbelief; and he finally consented to permit Sautell to arm a dozen men, and lay wait to catch Shepherd and his party when they should appear. The Squire accompanied these armed men, and they all marched together to the stables. At about midnight Shepherd and his band were observed stealing softly towards the bushes which skirted the barn yard. The Squire gave orders to his men to secure them, and going out, in front, he called upon Shepherd to surrender. The youth knew his employer's voice, and, immediately bade his followers to be submissive. 'How is this, Mr. Shepherd,' said the Squire, 'that I see you repaying my kindnesses by such ingratitude?'

Shepherd immediately answered that he had got wind of a plan which some horse-thieves had laid to plunder his stables, and that he had called out a number of the workmen to lay in wait for the purpose of capturing the villains when they should appear. The Squire was about giving full credit to Shepherd's statement, when Sautell, seeing he was in danger of losing this opportunity to injure Shepherd, came forward and boldly declared that he did not believe a word of the young man's story; for that he had overheard enough to convince him it was all a cunning fabrication. The Squire was at length persuaded to let Sautell and his party watch in order to prove the truth of Shepherd's story; while the latter was commanded to go home and disband his men. Shepherd and his party had not been gone more than fifteen minutes, when Sautell, who was on the look out, caught sight of the real horse-stealers, winding along a circuitous path towards the stables. He now perceived that if his men saw them, his scheme would be blasted, as it would prove the correctness of Shepherd's story. He therefore walked out towards the robbers and they soon caught sight of him.

'Ha!' said one of the rogues, 'there is Sautell! He has no doubt heard of our plan, and is watching for us. We shall get no booty to-night. Let us be off.'

'Sautell, did you say?' cried another—'Then if he is here, I'll tell you what we can do. We will console ourselves for our disappointment by going to his house, and taking the two horses in his own barn, which belong to himself.' Accordingly, the robbers went to Sautell's house and carried off his horses. In the morning the Squire called upon Sautell and his party, who were still at the stables, and asked them if they had seen nothing. They said 'no.' 'Then,' says the Squire, 'I fear that Shepherd is a rogue!' But, at that instant, a boy came running from Sautell's house to tell him that horse-stealers had been there during the night and stolen his two horses.

Sautell was dreadfully afflicted at hearing this intelligence, but the Squire said,—'Then Shepherd's story was true! Had you been at home, instead of coming here to calumniate that excellent young man, you would not have lost your horses. I am sorry for you; but, as I do not wish to have any man in my service who wishes ill to Shepherd, I shall be under the necessity of discharging you from my employ.'

SHIP AHOY!

WORDS BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.



When o'er the si-lent seas alone, For days and nights we've cheerless gone, Oh! they who've felt it



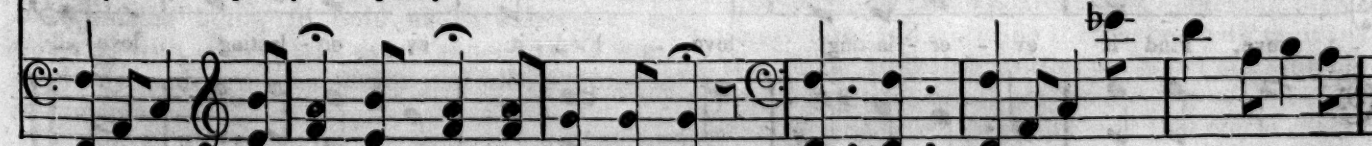
know how sweet, Some sunny morn a sail to meet, Some sunny morn a sail to meet.



Sparkling on deck is every eye, 'Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!' our joyful cry, When answering back we



faintly hear, 'Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy! what cheer! what cheer!' Now sails aback we nearer come, Kind words are said of



friends and home, But soon, too soon we part in pain, To sail o'er silent seas again, To sail o'er silent seas again.



When o'er the ocean's dreary plain,
With toil her destined port to gain,
Our gallant ship has neared the strand,
We claim our own, our native land,
Sweet is the seaman's joyous shout,
'Land-ahead! land ahead! look out! look out!'

Aroused, on deck we gaily fly,
'Land ahead! land ahead!' with joy we cry.
Yon beacon's light directs our way,
While grateful vows to heaven we pay,
And soon our long lost joys renew,
And bid the boisterous main adieu.

EAST KINGSTON.

COMPOSED FOR THE UNIVERSALIST AND LADIES' REPOSITORY;

BY REV. T. WHITEMORE.

One there is a - bove all others, Well de - serves the name of friend, His is

love be - yond a brother's, Costly, free, and knows no end. They who once his kindness

prove, Find it ev - er - lasting love, Find it ev - er - lasting love.

2
Which, of all our friends, to save us,
Could, or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God:
This is boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a friend in need.

3
When he lived on earth ill-treated,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory seated,
He rejoices in the same:
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4
O, for grace, our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, like him to love:
We, alas, forget too often
What a friend we have above:
But, when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.